

SEPTEMBER 2002

FREE

DiSCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9 FM



OLYMPIA'S BANGS DOMINATE THE LOCAL MUSIC ISSUE

PUSHING VANCOUVER'S
SPREADEAGLE
DREAM ON DREARY
FLYING FOLK ARMY
AND SHINDIG!
OUT OF THE WAY! *



bangs



*(LUCKILY, THERE'S SOME DIRTY COMICS AND THE LOCAL
MUSIC DIRECTORY TO SMOOTH THINGS OVER.)

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SAURDAY SEPTEMBER 14

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SEPTEMBER 15

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WITH SPECIAL GUESTS **BALLGIMINGO**

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ALL AGES
DOORS 8:30PM
SHOW 7:30PM

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THE STARTING LINE

AND GUESTS

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SAURDAY SEPTEMBER 21

MAJOR LABEL CD RELEASE PARTY

ZUBOT AND DAWSON

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VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE

SEPTEMBER 24

martina sorbara

Tickets also available at zulu

ARTS CLUB REVUE STAGE

SEPTEMBER 25

Bob Egan

(of Blue Rodeo, ex-Wilco)

Glenn Milchem

(of Blue Rodeo)

special guests **Pigeon-Hole**

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The Frames

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OCTOBER 8

- early show -

Gomez

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OCTOBER 16 & 17

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straight

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badly drawn boy

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Carb

DISCORDER

ISSUE 233 • SEPTEMBER 2002 • THAT BUTT-ROCK MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



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Cover

This month we were lucky enough to have the world-renowned web-designer Russ Davidson (www.supa.ca) make our cover. Russ is not only talented and handsome, he's also the master of the crooked grind.

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From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ Line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at ctrmgr@mail.ams.bc.ca, visit our web site at www.ctr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

printed in canada



SONAR

66 WATER STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

Events at a glance:

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 1

GOOD LIFE LONG WEEKEND PARTY & OFFICIAL CIVILIZATION PROJECT/ SIESTA AFTERPARTY
 GMAN & RIZK and FUSE ENT. present the party to seal your summer. DJ ROB RIZK is set to dish out his specialty with the latin and shrobeat alongside local d/producers, Sean Dimitrie, master of the deep, sensual, jazzy cuts. Open until 2:00am. Doors 9pm/Cover \$10.00

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 5

ADAM FREELAND (Maine Parade Records - UK)
 Hall the "Crown Prince of Breakbeat...". The d/producer who music media considers to be one of the key individuals responsible for the nu-skoool breakbeat movement touches down and steps up to the Sonar plates. www.adamfreeland.com
 Doors 9pm/Advance \$13 at Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, Zulu & Sonar (no s/c)

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 9

EMOTIONZ (FOURTH WORLD OCCUPANTS) LIVE @ CONTEXT
 Context Beatbox and MC Champ, EMOTIONZ of the Fourth World Occupants returns for a solo show. Don't miss one of Vancity's finest rock it live. Presented by CIRCA Footwear with resident DJs SHORTFUSE, TEEN & TEE DUB. www.circapresents.com Doors 9:30pm/Cover \$5.00 before 11:00pm/\$7 after

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 14

BENJI CANELARIO (DJ/Producer/Remixer - NYC) @ **INSIDE**
 He has been at the forefront of dance music for over 3 decades. He's edited records for the likes of Grace Jones, Evelyn King, Thomas Dolby, The Bee Gees, New Order, Todd Terry, C2, Living Joy, Inner City to name a few. Does the industry believe him to be the founder of one of dance music's most influential voices known as Crystal Waters...? Indeed, you've heard him, but not like this - Inside with DICKEY DOO & TODD OMOTANI. Doors 9pm/Cover \$12

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 15

GUS GUS (BAD, Iceland)
 One of music industry's gems - the multi-talented collective of artists, musicians, writers, actors, dancers, performers, cinematographers, writers that make up this 9 member group from Iceland. Their live show, vowed globally with contrasting sound filled with haunting vocals, funk, electro, and pop influences has our stage. Presented by House of Blues Concerts. www.gusgus.com Doors 9pm/Advance \$15.00 at Ticketmaster and Zulu

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 17

DI LACE (Netwerk/Utag) **Live PA + Live Visuals w/ Hailthe & Julian @ TACTICAL**
 Since '82 this artistic legend has been innovating technology and music. A musical scientist who upon the industry's discovery (namely Netwerk and Subliminal), has catapulted into the international arena propelling him from his days at Mars to huge world-wide releases. Prepare for a unique, live experience. www.dilace.com
 Doors 9pm/Cover \$5.00 before 10:00pm/more after

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 18

GRANDE'S 5 YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY
 It's been something like 250 plus (give or take a few) Wednesdays that GMAN&Rizk have been holding it down...! and it just keeps gettin' hotter. GRANDE, the best urban night to hit the 604 celebrates NO. 5. Hip Hop, R&B, Reggae, Afro and Latin Beats with DJs GMAN, KEMO, PHYSIK, WAX, RIZK, and MERR. Doors 9pm/Cover \$8

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 19

H-FOUNDATION (Siesta, Soma, Hoq Choons, Yoshitohzi - San Diego, CA)
 Hipp-E and Halo, the powerful combination known as H-FOUNDATION are back again to heat up the floor. This duo will rock you right with some serious jaskin' grooves that keep them in world-wide demand. www.hfoundation.com Doors 9pm/Adv. \$12.00 at Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, Zulu, Sonar (no S/C) \$13 at door (subject to capacity)

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 26

JAZZANOVA w/ KOOP (Jazzanova Records, Compost - Berlin)
 The d/production team that creates some of the deepest modern jazz and innovative beats in the biz today. Back yet again to smoothly ride you from afro-funk to d'n'b to soul to house to boogie by percussive instrumentation. www.jazzanova.de Doors 9pm/Advance \$20.00 at Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, Zulu, Sonar (no s/c)

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 28

BOMBAY 2 CD RELEASE PARTY w/ DJ NAV & PATRICK DREAM @ INSIDE
 BOMBAY RECORDS celebrates No. 2. Take a plunge with the deep duo from the eastern front, representing their label that boasts works by the likes of Roy Davis Jr., Johnny Fiasco, Angel Moraes, Miguel Grace, Fred Everything, Chris Brann not to mention some sick remixes liked by few of the industry's deepest dons. Doors 9pm/Cover \$12 (SUN) SEPTEMBER 29

DEF JUX - THE REVENGE OF THE ROBOTS TOUR feat. EL-P, Mr. Lif, RJD2, Cage & Copywrite, Soul Position and DJ PAIN
 57 Jukes storm the stage! Tigerstone Ent. and Aggressive Promotions combine forces once again. This time hitting you with the much anticipated DEF JUX RECORDS TOUR - some microphone madness by urban underground's team of lyrical finesse. www.defjux.net www.tigerstone.com (WIN TIX!) Doors 9pm/Advance \$20 at Beat Street, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, FVUW, and Zulu

coming soon...

FRI OCT. 04 **DJ JAZZY JEFF** TUE OCT. 15 **LORI HI-FI PRINCESS** (NYC)

THU OCT. 17 **KRAFTY KUTS** (Masters of Sound) SUN OCT. 20 **MR. SCRUFF** (Ninja Tune)

THU OCT. 24 - **ELECTROCLASH 2002 FALL TOUR**

MON **CONTEXT** HIP HOP TUE **TACTICAL** PROGRESSIVE GROOVES

WED **GRANDE** R&B HIP HOP THUR **WEEKLY ROTATION** SPECIAL EVENTS

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SATURDAY sept 14

Royal Hotel [1029 Granville]

INTERPOL [Matador Recording artists]
RADIO BERLIN
THE ORGAN

SUNDAY sept 29

Royal Hotel [1029 Granville]

NEW BOMB TURKS [their final tour!]
THE SPITFIRES
plus guests

SATURDAY oct 05

Royal Hotel [1029 Granville]

THE GOSSIP [Kill Rock Stars]
A LUNA RED [Action Driver / GSL]
THE NONS

FRIDAY oct 18

Richard's On Richards [1036 Richards]

BRIGHT EYES [Saddle Creek Recording artists]
M. WARD
THE BRUCES
EARLY SHOW! DOORS 6.30 • SHOW 7.00

THURSDAY oct 24

Sonar [66 Water]

the electroclash tour!

PEACHES
CHICKS ON SPEED
TRACY + THE PLASTICS
W.I.T.

TUESDAY oct 29

Richard's On Richards [1036 Granville]

HOT WATER MUSIC
THRICE
COHEED AND CAMBRIA
plus guests

Tickets available at TICKET MASTER, SCRATCH, ZULU,
NOIZE, TEENAGE RAMPAGE, RED CAT.

vancouver special local reviews by Janis McKenzie

MR. PLOW Parts Unknown (Crusty)

Mr. Plow is a guy with a throat-ripping, growly voice, an acoustic guitar, something of a bad attitude, and a long list of (very) late-adolescent complaints. For the most part his songs are about women, but Mr. Plow doesn't limit himself to the usual range of girlfriend problems. Instead he sings about girls who expect an engagement ring, who won't go out with him, who won't leave him alone, who think they're rock stars, who don't eat meat, and who get farted on when performing oral sex. Some of the tracks are very funny, many are angry, and one (the last) is a clip from *The Simpsons* that explains the origin of Plow's moniker. A lot of the songs verge on bad taste, as you might have already guessed, but one, the bonus track that's probably called "Fish Fuck," really does cross the line. Look out for the "Leaky Dink super mega mix" of the nasty "Rock Star," which—shocking!—adds a drum track

to the plain vanilla version.
<crusty_records@hotmail.com>

THE R*A*D'I'O* The Disclosure Project (Monolithic)

The Disclosure Project is really two separate 7-song CDs, called *In the Beginning* and *The Final Chapter*? At first this was enough to make me nervous—I was going to have to listen to the modern-day equivalent of a 1970s double concept album with a gatefold sleeve?—but the CDs didn't turn out to be scary at all. Rather than prog-rock (at least the kind that gives me the heebie jeebies), the R*A*D'I'O* seems to be inspired by '60s baroque rock, garage-tinged space rock, and early '70s British post-folk. On *In the Beginning* there is one song, "Skin," which takes elements of Jean-Michel Jarre and Vince Guaraldi (the guy who did the *Peanuts* piano music) and throws them together with female Japanese vocals.

The second CD, *The Final Chapter*?, feels more dominated

by slow Syd Barrett-flavoured and calliope/circus keyboard tracks. The R*A*D'I'O* is this month's pleasant surprise.
<churchofradiology@hotmail.com>

HANSON BROTHERS My Game (Mint)

If the Ramones had grown up playing hockey in Canada, would they sound like the **Hanson Brothers**? Not surprisingly, the **Hansons**' whole sound is speedy old-fashioned punk (the band would say "puck") rock in the straight-ahead Ramones tradition. But instead of writing lyrics about eating refried beans in Queens and innumerable other New York themes, this band mostly sings about hockey and hockey players. There are even pitches for both a **Hanson Brothers** hockey camp and a beer-making kit in the CD. Does it get any more Canadian than this?

(PO Box 21628, 1850 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, BC V5N 5T5) •

fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

In 1568, beards in England were taxed according to their length. Do you know what that means? Good, 'cause I have NO IDEA. I'm guessing that the longer the beard, the more taxes you had to pay. Do you know what that is? Discrimination! Perhaps this was the beginning of what I call beardism or beard profiling. Unlike racism and homophobia in the last 500 years, the prob-

smooth, clean faces like their own. They like men who look like women. It is clear that if a woman doesn't like facial hair, she is a LESBIAN. Which is just fine, but why hide your true self? You should be proud of who you are.

I should clear something up here. A beard can be in any shape or length. The only requirement is that no parts of the face may be shaven. A

shave every morning? Obviously any cheap variation of the beard is only worn by someone who is too much of a pussy to stand up to the discrimination and hatred that may come with a full face of hair.

It's a little known fact that Verve refused to sign the Velvet Underground until Lou Reed shaved off his beard. He had a full beard his entire time at Syracuse University. He liked to rub it when he was writing poetry. Reed once said "my thoughts disappeared, just as the beard." It's TRUE! Could you imagine how good his lyrics would have been if those beardist motherfuckers at Verve didn't ruin him? I mean, he did okay without the beard, but imagine what could've been.

We must band together to stop beardism. We have to teach our children the difference between right and wrong. The next time you see a beard, give it a little stroke or two. And give the brave and beautiful man a hug. •

It's a little known fact that Verve refused to sign the Velvet Underground until Lou Reed shaved off his beard.

lem has only been getting worse.

Only 1 out of every 100 men in North America between the ages of 20-40 has a beard. The beard occurrence is higher in the older, fatter men sector. The number one reason why men shave is so they can pick up hot chicks. Most broads don't like beards. They like

beard is where it grows. Goatees, sideburns, chin straps, and such (the moustache has a different story—it looks a little sleazy and suspicious, and it takes a solid pair of nuts to go around with one) are signs of intense vanity. Who the fuck has the time to MANICURE their facial hair into some kind of retarded

strut, fret & flicker

performance/art by Penelope Mulligan

MALDOROR

Tuesday, August 6
The Blinding Light!

There's enough going on in this cinematic deluge to keep one's brain babbling to itself for days. Its creators have called it "the last film ever made"—and the proclamation isn't as bolshy and hubristic as it might sound. The implications of this kind of filmmaking are huge. The feature takes its name from a novel written by Isidore Ducasse in 1868 under the nom de plume Comte de Lautréamont. Through his protagonist and alter-ego, Maldoror, the author vomits up visions of visions of horror and beauty in order to demonstrate the inherent evil and hypocrisy of

Vendôme to Trafalgar Square). A few episodes unfold in succulent colour, others are monochrome dreams that seem lit by a torch with dying batteries; segments morph from live-action to animation and back again as gangrenous angels ascend to heaven and mechanical dogs rip an unseen child to shreds. Some films were so deeply atmospheric that you could only breathe your way through them. Simultaneously strange and familiar, the images felt like they might be coming loose from your own psyche. The ghost of Derek Jarman trends softly through a lot of this—and that feels very right. After all, he was one of the

lation involving fets and tunnels which I'm hoping we can play in. One of the places I'll be stopping for sure is **The Blinding Light!** (36 Powell Street—as if I need to tell you), where Laura Madera's piece *Private Moments in Public Spaces* will feature a station wagon with tinted windows parked outside. You climb in and watch a video screened on the front windshield. Now that drive-in movies are all but extinct, this could become the last cry in customizing big old cars. Inside the cinema, David Yonge will try to turn us all back into fetuses with his sound and image work. **Colour. At Gallery Gachet** (88 E. Cordova Street), there will be an exhibition on the theme of employment entitled *Working Like Crazy*. Featuring the work of artists who have tangled with the mental health system, the show is curated by self-described crack-person, Persimmon Blackbridge. This year's mobile event is a **CIRCUIT VAN** equipped with a video recording and projection unit. Not only will it film the goings-on at one gallery and screen them while parked at

A few episodes unfold in succulent colour, others are monochrome dreams that seem lit by a torch with dying batteries

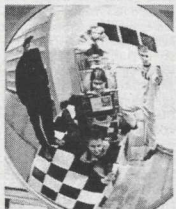
humankind. Dying at 24, Ducasse not only shipped out before seeing his work acclaimed by other writers and artists (Blaise Cendrars and the early Surrealists were fans), but he also missed one glorious fucker of a screen adaptation. The project began in 1998 when members of two underground film collectives—the UK's London Exploding Cinema and Germany's Filmgruppe Chaos—extracted 15 episodes from the book's six cantos and distributed them among 15 of their filmmaking comrades with the proviso that they shoot on Super-8 and fund the work themselves. By 2000, 12 had delivered, post-production funding (all £2000 of it) had been raised and the films enlarged to 16mm. *Maldoror* premiered in Germany that April.

Although the filmmakers were all given hits from the same state-inducing book, their responses are as individual as the techniques they employ. Virtually dialogue free, the collection is blanketed by the voice-over from a single narrator. Some interpretations are more impressionistic than literal, while others take a single event or image from the text and run with that. Thus, the mention of an omnibus on a deserted street becomes a brilliant claymation display of a surreal bus journey, and the unforgettable closing segment, "The Spectacular Murder of Mervyn," meticulously recreates the end of a protracted saga in which a young man foolishly trusts the malevolent Maldoror (and relocates his hideous death from the Place

most resolutely underground of Britain's better-known film-makers. The mesmeric pull of the voice-over and the apocalyptic bleakness of the images recall scenes from *The Garden and Last of England*. The makers of *Maldoror* are justifiably chuffed with what they've accomplished on about a week's worth of Spielberg's lunch money—or, as they put it, making "a cult movie for the price of a second-hand car." Of course there's no virtue in involuntary poverty, but where passion and talent exist, it seems to beat Dogma for styling pure. Resilient as cockroaches in a nuclear holocaust, these filmmakers answer to nothing but their own vision.

THE PLUGHOLE

Now in its third year, **SWARM** has become a regular on the first Friday of September, with simultaneous events at artist-run centres and independent galleries in the Downtown Eastside and beyond. All happenings are free and continue through the evening of September 6 until late, so use your legs or your bike to tocochet among them at will. The number of participating galleries has grown from 15 to 19 and a welcome addition to the circuit is **First Nations Creations** (20 Water Street), where *Random Indian Acts* will explore tradition and identity within a modern context. Also try to check in at **The Butcher Shop Gallery** (194 East 26th Avenue), a new space just off Main which opened in February. It will host *vagueandsilly*, a collaborative instal-



vagueandsilly

the next, but it will also record the view from the front of the van while driving and project it onto a screen mounted at the rear of the vehicle. That should be enough to scare some motorists off their cellphones. New this year is collective echoes, an outdoor installation which stays up all month. A group of socially aware artists will have their work on billboards, bus shelters and in malls to challenge the use of public spaces for corporate advertising. Not as subversive and culture-jamming, but it could provoke some worthwhile thought. That's only a taste, so for the full **SWARM III** menu, pick up a list of venues or call the grant gallery (875-9516) for more info. •

over my shoulder

book reviews by Dorito

(As Doretta was unable to get her column to us on time this month, we, the editorial staff at DISORDER, were forced to imagine what it would be like if she actually sent it in. Enjoy.)

I AM A WILD PARTY

It's not very often that I look back on my teenage years. I try not to since they generally don't contribute anything more

September evening and told me she didn't want to go to Dan's house alone. I was forced to accompany her. So on through the night and the suburbs we went, until the concrete stopped and we kept going. Ten minutes later we turned up a rough gravel driveway and two minutes after that we found the house, surrounded by dozens of drunk

On any given Saturday night, you'd probably find me at home cross-legged in front of the stereo blaring Belle and Sebastian through puffy headphones and scribbling frantically in spiral-bound notebooks. And that was fine. There was nothing that a beer-bong was going to teach me about the world that I couldn't learn from The Boy With The Arab Strap.

than debilitating flashbacks. There are occasions, however, when its heady flashes of wisdom, fleetingly imparted through the bottom of a bottle, demand acknowledgement. Like last week, for instance. As I stood slack-jawed at the PNE, doling out cotton candy to children slobbering like Pavlovian dogs and uncertain if I could go another minute let alone five hours, I think I might have left my body and returned to a different point in my life: Dan Taylor's Grade 10 kegger.

To the best of my knowledge in every school there's one guy who has in the on his cool parties. Every weekend, all anyone would need to do was check in with him and they'd have the confidential dirt on where the action was. And once or twice a year, or maybe once a month, his parents would leave town and he'd throw his own parties, sending half the school population into the depths of Pilsner-soaked debauchery. At my school, that guy was Dan Taylor and he didn't throw parties, he threw Legends. Not that I was ever invited to them. On any given Saturday night, you'd probably find me at home cross-legged in front of the stereo blaring Belle and Sebastian through puffy headphones and scribbling frantically in spiral-bound notebooks. And that was fine. There was nothing that a beer-bong was going to teach me about the world that I couldn't learn from *The Boy With The Arab Strap*.

But now and again I'm forced to do things for my friends that I wouldn't otherwise and when my friend Janis called me up on a late-

across the room and I suddenly found it in mine. "That's ballsy, girl," he said to me. "Most people wouldn't put their own music into the stereo at someone else's party. Not someone they don't know, anyways. Drink up."

Whether it was due to the acceptance I felt or the overwhelming pressure around my shoulders, I did. Bottoms up. I chugged it down. And I felt good. I don't remember all of the next 12 hours, but what I remember was good. What I can still remember through the smoke and JB and chronic and 'shrooms was pure gold.

And as I stood there at the fair, handing flossed sugar to bloated youngsters with a rictus-smile on my face, I remembered the lessons of Dan Taylor's.

I took off on my lunch-break and got shit-faced in the parking lot with my old friend Jack Daniels.



MOTLEY CRUE

The Dirt: Confessions of the World's Most Notorious Rock Band

(Regan Books)

An autobiography by Motley Crue should include candid salient information about the band, most notably who they slept with, who they screwed-over and how much cocaine (or "krell," as they call it) they consumed along the way. Luckily, *The Dirt* contains all of these.

Chock full of every piece of unsavory goings-on in the Crue camp from Day One, *The Dirt* is not a bad piece of writing. Trashy and sensational in all the good ways, Tommy, Vince, Mick and Nikki inject a degree of pathos into their talented emerald like tragic figures that tasted the heights of power and the nadirs of defeat. It's a rock and roll morality tale beyond any previous seen, and that's good because the book couldn't possibly sustain itself for 400 pages otherwise, and it certainly wouldn't have ended up the page-turner that it is. •

SHINDIG

2 0 0 2

Tuesdays at the Railway Club,
579 Dunsmuir @ Seymour

September 10

**HUMAN HIGHLIGHT REEL
A VIRGIN IN HOLLYWOOD
YOUR FUNERAL**

first round

September 17

**WOODY
MY PROJECT: BLUE
GOSHEN**

September 24

**IN MEDIAS RES
THE BASEMENT SWEETS
THE SKELETON FOLK**

second round

October 1

**THE WINKS
PEOPLEMAKE
THE FEMINISTS**

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WHAP!

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RECORDS



SCRATCH



Black Dog Video

FIREBALL PRODUCTIONS

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radio free press

zines, etc. by Bleek

I'm writing this on a Compaq 1200 that I recently spent over \$700 to repair, and with every keystroke I wonder if it will be the last. Sometimes it shuts down without reason and other times it won't start up. My external hardware became "enemy combatants" for a while upon upgrading to Windows XP. I hate computers, but with all my responsibilities—column writing, CD burning, illustration scanning and plain ol' e-mailing—I can hardly live without the little Loki. I realize that I've lost perspective here. Only 1% of the world has a computer. The rest are competing for food, fighting in

this zine plays off hetero fears, giving the enemy more ammo than they can lift and destroying coyness or self-loathing which keep these wonderful folks from absolute personal acceptance. At times Faggo is frighteningly audacious but down deep very courageous.

One of the few local zines from the '90s that still survives today is Steve Richard's **SOCKAMAGEE** which reached issue 14 this year. That's a long ride for a zine. Once again we're invited into the editor's psyche and his retro-bizarre fixations (umm... this works for zines, dig?). Some of the ingredients listed on the front are

ranges from the ridiculous to the mundane and over to the über-cerebral. A hodgepodge of differing images and type that leave me with more questions than answers, but who am I to talk? I'm a proponent of radio-art for god's sake.

After a year's absence, **QUEEN OF THE UNIVERSE** is back—older and wiser—looking more like the zines from the mid '90s. Nobody told Nettie that zines are dead, so she continues in the perzine (personal zine) format and it kicks some serious booty. There are plenty of perzines that just seem dull, cliché and not particularly well thought-out. **QOTU** is fun, smart and intimately revealing. Among the intimate news of relationship woes and living quarters, Nettie has added some good zine, music and show reviews plus an interview with the Austin, Texas band Knife in the Water. (Which starts out with the question "Why does Austin, Texas seem like such a cool place? Is it really?" Where'd that come from Nettie? I've spent a bad week in Austin. Sheesh.) A great and much missed old skool-style read, I'm gonna start stalking Nettie now.

Hey zine dorks, you're invited to be a guest on **Radio Free Press**, the radio version. If you have anything to say and some cool music to expose, I want you to contact me at <speckfanzine@yahoo.com> and we'll talk. This requires you to have a Wednesday afternoon to waste here at CITR, where waste is our middle name. If you can't make it but have something recorded that's zine related, send it here to #233-6138 Sub Blvd., Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1. Otherwise keep sending zines for scrutiny.

Only 1% of the world has a computer. The rest are competing for food, fighting in some war, or being exploited in some way or other, and I can't live without this thing that torments my soul.

some war, or being exploited in some way or other, and I can't live without this thing that torments my soul. Let's see if it works this time.

Hands-down the zine with the most local societal impact has to be **FAGGO** (a punk and queer zine) #3. Editor Kim Kinakin has really moved this indie project to incredible heights, both in substance and style. This issue brings it all back home with local writers and content, offering encouragement and entertainment to the queer community. Faggo takes liberties out for a test drive—trying tolerance, taboos and even patience—going beyond what most established mags can even consider. While plenty of it is confrontational and more punk than yer little brother, it's actually damn good. What I find deliciously nasty and victorious is the way

"Actress Debra Pageant Profiled, Spike Milligan Remembered, Meet the Rolling Stools, Manowar, The Black Stones—enough already! [What we all want to tell them, right?], Santos" and creative writing, reviews and comics by Colin Upton fill the tank. I expect to run across **Sockamagee** "when I'm 64."

On the pile of scratch-my-head publications sits **LAST CIGARETTE OF THE CENTURY**. This thick zine is a loaded diaper of competent collages, illustrations and quotes which obviously mean something to the author and point toward an overall expose of man vs. machine, or even man as machine or vice versa. A long essay on quantum physics may be full of interesting information but may be better communicated through the pen of a humourist. The whole of **LCOTC**

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kill your boyfriend

comics and graphic art by Robin

Hi, my name is Robin, and I read porn comics. I mean adult comics. I can't help it. When I see a fine line here, a soft brush stroke there, the sweat, the ink, I become a slobbering pervert and I just have to have it. The comic. But you won't see me brown-bagging it—I'll proudly display my adult comics because—you know what? Some of them are good.

There are a couple of things I look for in adult comics. First off, they have to be well drawn. Sadly, there are a lot of adult comics out there that only get published because of the content and, consequently, you really have to dig to find decent art. Secondly, there has to be a plot. I'm sorry, but I'm a girl and I require more from my porn. It can be a thinly-veiled plot; short, unbelievable or confusing, but there has to be a reason for me to get into it. Thirdly, and perhaps most importantly, the one thing that grabs me every time is humour. There's got to be a fair amount of truth to the funny guy getting the girl because all my favourite porn comics make me laugh.

With that in mind, then, here are a few I guarantee will be a hit with the mister and the missus.

Firstly, anything by **Michael Manning**. He was my first. His art style is as fluid, simple, delicate and intricate as woodblock prints. You'll spend hours fol-

every taboo so well. At times, I've found his plots confusing, but that's only because he never finishes them. My favourite story, which starts with **SPIDER GARDEN** and continues through **HYDROPHIDIAN**, mostly concerns court politics, intrigue, espionage and sex. Manning has also done a slew of short stories in *Cathaxis* and *Lumangerie*, in which you can see him grow as an artist, refine his jagged edge and slowly but surely capture life and fantasy onto paper. And it never ceases to be a turn-on.

Sometimes I find **Mo Che Anderson**'s art in the strangest of places. Versatile in the extreme, he's done kids' books, revolutionary biography comics and stories of young hoods in love. What a lot of people don't know is that one of his first comics was **I WANNA BE YOUR DOG**—a sex comic with heart. Full of real people, real lives and real women (and, boy, are we talking REAL women—big women, strong women, dominating women and women who just want it), this book is about power and the girls have it all. Dark and interesting, it forces you to enter their lives body and soul and ultimately question what the various relationships found in life will make you do for the thrill of sex. It's all about the mind fuck and it's hard to put down. The art oozes anger and agony so raw it screams. It faithfully delivers every slap,

petustous women.

Girls not only do great porn, they're also the best at making me laugh. **Molly Kiely's DIARY OF A DOMINATRIX** is unswervingly the first sex comic I recommend to the uninitiated.

I NEVER FAKED IT WITH YOU AND I NEVER WILL!



A Bitch in Heat shares a touching moment

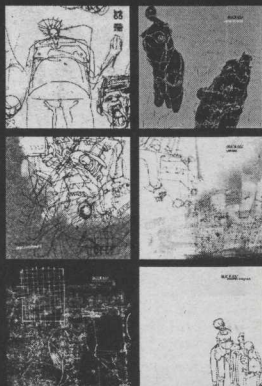
With a slew of short stories and some hands-on experience, she teaches you how to make and bake yourself into the best domatrix a girl can be. How can you not love a comic that dispels the beauty myth so firmly and good-naturedly?

Kiely's work has such a ballsy sense of humour and is so damn charming, you can't help but like it. Girlie money shots, role-reversing road trips, pinup darlings and bondage tips—her art style is a great little fantasy world, very cute and hardly anorexic. Bunny Yeager with ink. If that appeals, then I would highly recommend two of her other books, *That Kind of Girl*, and *Tecopa Jane*—a pair of sexy desert love stories. A weird fascination for a Canadian girl, perhaps, but who knew trips to the hardware store could be so fun?

The last in porn comics I **IS BITCH IN HEAT**. Don't let the title put you off—this is one sweet-ass comic illustrated by Italian beauty **Giovanna Casotto**, who, like Kiely, injects her own likeness into brief erotic tales and slathers every damn page of this book with sexiness. Her toes—hot, her ankles—sexy, her calves—drool-inducing, her legs—slobber-rific. I covet her sleek, taut, curvaceous belly; the entirety of her gorgeous divine body that she contorts and draws so well. Initially published in Italy, Casotto's storytelling is reminiscent of late night '70s European

on Showcase. The stories are goofy, funny, honest and actually don't require any large stretches of the imagination. While flawed, the characters all share one thing in common—a healthy appreciation of sex.

Buck 65



(above: square, synesthesia, man overboard, vertex, language arts, weirdo magnet) the back catalogue is re-issued and refurbished! also, watch for new album **SQUARE** release date **OCT. 1** www.warnermusic.com & www.buck65.com

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(West End Cultural Centre)

10/ CALGARY
(Liberty Lounge, Mt. Royal College)

12/ VANCOUVER
(Purple Onion)

13/ MONTREAL
(La Salla Rosa)

14/ HALIFAX
(Citadel Hill)



7 DISORDER

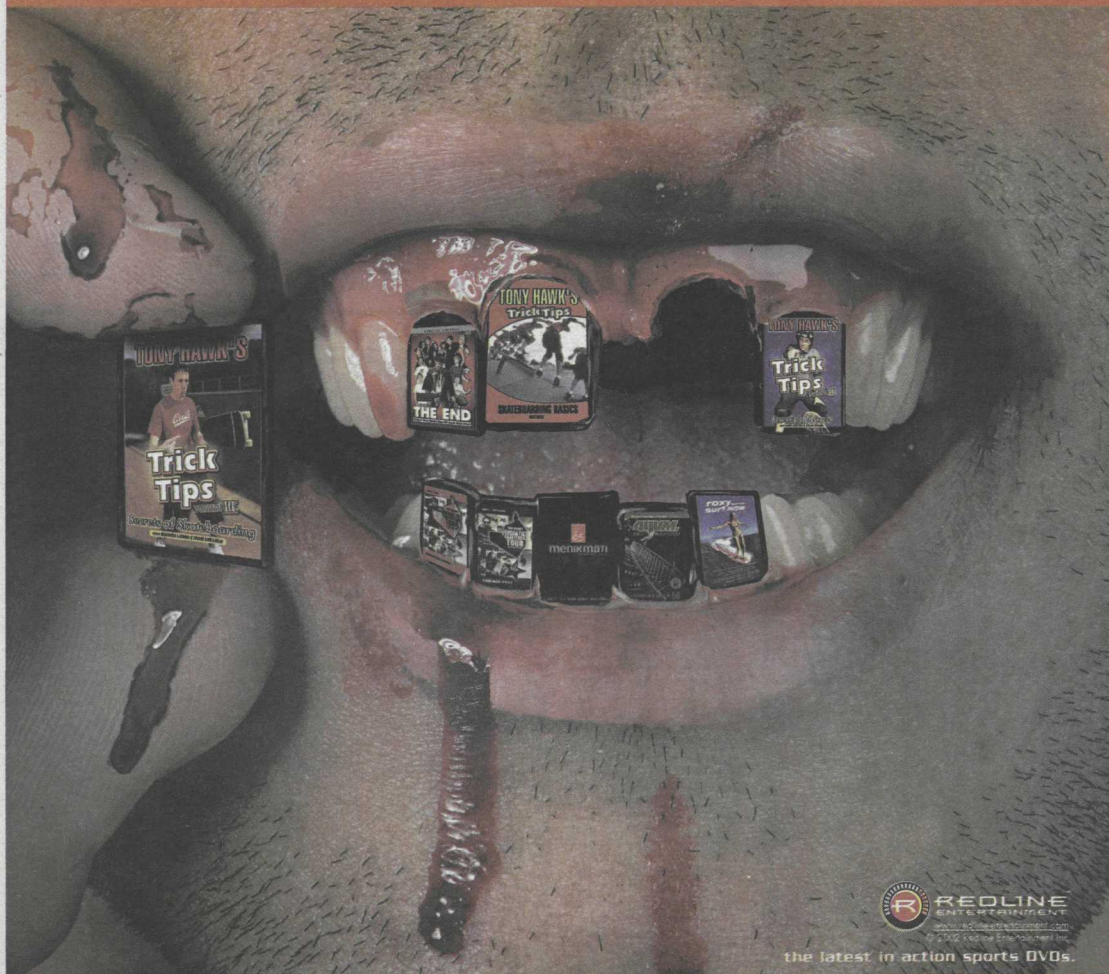


Helpful hints from Diary of a Domantrix

lowing each design-heavy line, each dramatic and symmetrical loop, trying to discern where it all begins and ends, because Manning is very much about blurring the line—every line. Hermaphrodites, snake-people, horsepeople—his characters flaunt their androgyny; everyone is constrained with leather and chains, molding themselves to becoming someone else. He illustrates the breaching of

every sting, every line of remorse, every streak of tear. Dirty, cramped images of city and dungeon are divided by pure white, sexual bodies in motion, creating a startling juxtaposition that, if nothing else, succeeds in getting you hot. And, to top it all off, Mo Che Anderson continues his characters from book to book, so keep reading his stuff to find out exactly what happens to these beautiful, tem-

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7 inch

Don't be surprised if you see the column take a different turn over the next few months—7's haven't been getting much love lately, so yours truly has had to get his fix elsewhere. Be prepared for a variety of stimulants to be injected into these lines, rock and roll to save the soul.

Starting off with what 7's did come across the desk this month, a local entry shared by **FROG EYES** and **JERK WITH A BOMB** gives me a reason to take notice. Pretty interesting cover art first of all; kinda reminiscent of **Robert Williams'** sexually metaphoric imagery meeting **Mark Ryden's** knack for overemphasizing physical human features. Whoa, I'm getting too artsy now, somebody slap me. I got confused at first spin as to who I was listening to, cuz the labels are mixed up, but **Frog Eyes** contribute a slightly **Tom Waits**-inspired dirge, that drunkenly plods along, but doesn't get too slow, like it's about to fall flat. **Jerk With**

A Bomb sneak out two cuts, the latter "Knife Fight, But Why?" has a cool, bouncy Casio rhythm track that punks things up for this normally sedate duo. Worth checking out. (Global Synchronic, 7624 Sussex Ave., Burnaby, BC V5J 3V8).

Vinyl Warning, a fresh new label outta Portland, Oregon, gives birth to two hometown groups, **THE DISKORDS** and **ELECTRIC EYE**. In the case of **The Diskords**, this clever use of wordplay bears irony in that all four members have just hit puberty. But don't let their age fool you: these kids breathe life into punk by letting their influences—from the raspy **Stiv Bators** snarl of lead vocalist **Teddy Boy**, to the less-is-more rhythm section of **Nick and Dee Dee**, and the **Ramones**-style guitar of **Ryan** (no last names please, that's not punk)—shape the songs without making them seem too contrived. I could see "Heart Full of Napalm" blasting from the study hall speaker,

seeing as how these guys probably catch shit from their teachers and the clueless, this could be the best form of revenge, and with many years of punk rock yet to uncover, they can only get better.

Electric Eye are the more seasoned of the pair, with a pedigree that stretches seemingly quite far in the Portland scene. What struck me right off, though, was the vocal ability of the Austin transplant, **August**. This guy shreds, and if "Muscle" is the first example of what this guy is capable of, I'm wanting to hear more. So I'm flipping over to the B-side and getting a slice of tried and true Texas-style garage (the **Motards** come to mind) with "Gonna Get My Way"; huge, chunky guitar and crashing drums all over the damn place. Everything wraps up with "High Energy," a steady build-up ignites this rocket and away it goes! Impressive debut from both bands and a label to watch, for sure. (Vinyl Warning, PO Box 2991, Portland, OR USA 97208-2991). •



by Bryce Dunn

panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias



THE RETURN OF INTERNMENT: ASHCROFT AND HIS LOVE OF CAMPING

The United States is edging closer to a new style of fragmented and partially secret internal authoritarianism by creating a newizen, the "Enemy combatant." This Enemy is not found on the battlefield but, like all paranoid signs of fascism and the rise of the police state, at home and within. Unlike the Japanese Internment Camps of World War II, this fascism operates upon a micro-scale, a micro-endo-colonialism for the select denizen; like Stalin's Purges, operates with secrecy and mostly beyond the public eye.

1. The suspect's Constitutional Rights in the US are stripped, thereby allowing the suspect to be held without charge for any length of time. No evidence is necessary for this stripping of all Rights and Citizenship (a Federal Judge was recently denied such evidence in the case of Yaser Esam Hamdi).

2. The suspect, if even named or acknowledged, is held in prison, and subject to any means necessary to obtain information, i.e. torture. The Geneva Convention no longer holds; and no lawyer or judge can attain confirmation of the suspect's existence within government clutches.

3. The suspect may be indefinitely interned at a new invention of Att. Gen. John Ashcroft: the Camp for Enemy Combatants—if indeed the suspect is not demurely executed through a secret military tribunal.

Throughout, the suspect receives neither lawyer, judge, nor jury. Prof. Jonathan Turley of George Washington University, writing in the *Los Angeles Times* ("Camps for Citizens: Ashcroft's Hellish Vision, Aug. 14, 2002), says that "Ashcroft's plan... would allow him to order the indefinite incarceration of US citizens and summarily strip them of their constitutional rights and access to the courts by declaring them enemy combatants." The proposed camp plan should trigger immediate congressional hearings and reconsideration of Ashcroft's fitness for this important office.

DON'T MISS JEREMY TURNER AND THE DISCREET OBJECTS OF SOUND
[See www.dont-miss.net, click on "Before," scroll to "Jeremy Turner."] Vancouver artist Jeremy Turner offers new sounds and the question: how to differentiate between a theory-based and considered creation of sound and the product of a VST plug-in? While Turner does not explicitly consider this relationship in his attempt to create

Tonic, post-Schenkerian sound—following the sculptors Donald Judd, Carl Andre, and Robert Morris, the object of sound could be "itself," outside of a "goal" oriented composition—the final end-result of sound—a quick burst of sound, perhaps "noise," ambiguous in "content"—resembles and is indistinct from the average product of a VST-plug-in. If I had not read the accompanying theory, which, interestingly enough, neglects to mention Russolo, Cage, Varese, or Musique Concrète, I would not have known the difference: "I have composed pieces that do not seem to be 'composed' out of a hierarchical set of relationships even though they actually were composed by interlocking hundreds of anthropomorphic samples at the macro-scale and then compressing the total composition down to size. Regardless of the process, both the perceived content and traces of programmatic composition have been deliberately cropped from each specific audio object in the post-production phase." That hierarchy is overdetermined in the moment of theoretical exegesis, inadvertently embraced through the secret of process, the creation of form, and the crutch of theory, is not so much lost on Turner insofar as it forms the basis for a degree zero art. For Turner, an exegesis naming the "obvious" influences (as he puts it), i.e. the Futurists and Musique Concrète, would delimit the process of "personification" that originates each piece. To historicize the sculptors draws attention to a personal beyond the limits of normative history. For why go to all the trouble of taking entire albums, zipping them down to one-second samples, and stacking them, when a VST plug-in would do the same in less time? The exegetical gesture of—"regardless of"—process surfaces several possibilities.

1. Process becomes art, conjuring Cage; yet, "regardless;" 2. Process becomes Zen; work approaches degree zero art; 3. Process becomes Calvinist; work means personal salvation. That process remains hidden save for the exegesis speaks a particular, secret relation between work/world, word/sound, to create a personified history that, through its absence of reference to that which is obvious, hints at a secret, personal level of explanation—or, the troubling absence thereof. Even theoretical exegesis fails to crutch the sound, for it, too, betrays the ambiguous presence of a secret lack.

Has Turner succeeded in creating a discrete, sonic object? It is his goal: and yet, as he explains, he wishes to compose goal-less sound, discrete from Dominant theological composition. That he cannot create what he desires, and cannot create without desire, forms a ceaseless paradox. After discussing these problematics with Turner, I discovered that each piece has a secret meaning and a secret name that only Turner knows. A hidden Dominance? Whereas Cage proposed to "let sound be itself," Turner carefully encrypts sound to be itself in his own sonic image, which is a secret gift to the Other.

Turner proposes that "Each of my pieces are only meant to exclusively contain the Tonic. The whole is something other than the sum of its parts." In this search for aimless purity, the teleological returns in the attempt to create, through painstaking process, that which is non-compositional, displacing the compositional teleology into process and its exegesis, into post-production where all evidence of process is removed—except for the theory explaining the process of removing process, non-process as a meta-process of sound-processing—and a secret, a lack in the exegesis, which gestures towards the presence of a secret document explaining the secret names of each discrete object. This document exists. What does this mean?

Why "remove" that which signifies, and leave only the trace? If one desires—for the teleology is inescapable, as Cage found, silence unattainable—a movement beyond Schenkerian composition, then we edge closer to chaos, fractalising simulacra. Heard without theoretical explanation, these sounds are indistinguishable from VST-plug-in burps—"glitches." And yet, they have been infused with so much significance, enough for me now to write sentences and paragraphs, composed and articulated.

Does not this sound lend itself to discourse, discourse becoming the sound of sound itself as itself? Is discourse a deferring of the Dominant or its erotic doppelganger? Is the discourse surrounding the small sonic object the sculptural "base," becoming art itself? Unless Turner simply lied, telling me that it took time, creating a history for simulated sounds. We cannot know. There must be an ethics here, and therefore a politics, not in the usual sense, but in some affect of force, some affective aesthetic. •

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DISCORDER: Who is Coal today and where is the Coal of yesterday now?

Nicole Steen-vocals, guitar.
Jon Wood-lead guitar, various instruments.
Marcus Rogers-bass, sometimes French horn.
Ian Tiles-drums, percussion.

Marc L'Esperance-temp, drummer and svenalgi.
Yesterday's Coal has been star studded with guitarists galore: Stevo (Last Sex on Earth, Wunderbred), Kevin Rose (The Wongs, Tankhog, Wheelie), Ryan Ogg (Squeaky, the Mach III's) and Brad Lambert (Sarcastic Mannequins, Problematics, Real McKenzies) on drums. All are living well on the coast somewhere, except Brad. He is living the rock 'n' roll life with the RMs.

Describe your sound using only metaphors relating to machinery and religion.

"Runs like a well-oiled machine." "All fire and brimstone." This is hard!

Are there recurring topics in your lyrics?
Unfulfilled desire and fire and water.

Describe the experience of making the film *The Widower*. Has it helped Coal? Was anything learned from the all-star cast (list some of them...)? Did you make any new friends, life-long friends? Where can you see it?

Making *The Widower* was a complex process involving hundreds of people including Nardwuar, Jello Biafra and Joey Shithead, and close to 20 local bands on the soundtrack. We have a good sense of humor and Coal was perfect for the band that plays in the bar as "Wilton" (the Widower) hallucinates back and forth in time. We're kind of dreamy and sad like *The Widower* as well. It can't really hurt a band to have a performing role in a feature, and they even played the video on MuchMusic. The film is available right now at Rogers Video across Canada and will be appearing at indie video stores soon as well as on cable. We also have a web site with tons of video at www.thewidower.com Check out the behind the scenes of *The Widower* clip with the director's notes.

Who are you (names, instruments, hometowns, preferred mode of transport)?

Adam: Bass and vocals. Grew up in Brighton, Ontario. I like driving.
Shannon: Drums and vocals. Grew up in Brighton, Ontario. I like walking and taking trains.

How many times has Mach Tiver been on tour and where have you gone?

We have toured five times, going pretty much everywhere in Canada and about half the United States. We have played every province in Canada except Nova Scotia and played around 20-25 states in the US.

Tell us some interesting stories about playing small towns in Ontario.

Well we haven't played too many shows in small towns in Ontario except our own. A couple of good stories come to mind, though. The first one: we did a show for a band, the Dinks. After the show there were a couple of rowdy kids left over milling about. They were harmless enough, they just wanted to hang out for awhile. Anyway, they left, we packed up all the gear and all of us headed out to our house for some sleep. On the way we stopped at a variety store and met up with the same rowdy kids. They liked the Dinks so much that they went back into the store and stole them a bunch of porn magazines. Threw the magazines into the Dinks' car and ran off screaming down the street.

The second story: we played a show with our friends Three Penny Opera in Wooler. After the show we cleared out the hall and put up hockey nets and had a good ole fashioned floor hockey game to close out the night. Three Penny Opera-10, Mach Tiver and Friends-8.

Are there any punk or hardcore bars left in Toronto?

After Elmo closed down, there are a couple less noteworthy ones left. The Qbar, where we have played a few shows and Planet Kensington, where we have not.

Coal



like it's a brothel. "Sin and misery." We are pretty sober all of the time... so I think it is better than LC because he can't really carry a tune.

Ask each other questions you've been dying to ask.

Nicole: Who is your all time favorite guitar player?

Jon: George Harrison

Marcus: Will you make me some tea?

Nicole: No..

Discography

1992-s/t CD/cassette (Zulu Records)

1993-Dare to Be Aware CD V/A

1993-The Mint is Still a Terrible Thing to Taste-CDEP V/A (Mint Records)

1995-Nightlines cassette (Live on CBC Radio)

1998-Up Periscope CD V/A (Stardust Music)

1998-One Track Mind CD (Coal Music/Factor)

1998-South Hill Candy Shop CD V/A (Stompy Records)

2000-Northern Lights CD V/A (Tinderbox)

2000-COALESCENT VHS Video (Coal Music/Cinestir)

2001-Beautiful Afterburn CD (Coal Music)

2002-SHOWDOWN: 22 Nuggets from Vancouver and Victoria

RANCH Compilation

www.coalmusic.com

coal@istar.ca

What can be found at the Tart Gallery and how does it relate to Coal?

It used to be that the Tart Gallery had four red walls, flame pillars and cool art. Now it is a website (www.thetartgallery.com) and an ongoing concept... to be continued. Nicole and Vicki M run it and they met at the Brickyard where Coal played the first PopTarts art show.

How many videos have Coal made and who has shown them?

We have six so far (all produced and paid for by our own little selves, all directed by Marcus Rogers). MuchMusic, Bravo and CMT have all played them many times. We are blessed.

What was the topic of the best conversation you ever had at the Railway Club after 1:00am?

That would be Robert Dayton's great legs!

Did Coal cover "House of the Rising Sun" as a guilty pleasure or because the words apply to at least someone in the band? Should it be nominated for the song of the 20th century? Did you know it was originally written about a female prostitute? Is it better than Leonard Cohen when you are drunk and depressed? Why or why not?

We thought we would do the obvious—cover the "most covered" song in history. So sure, we'd nominate it. The house does sound

Mach Tiver



Discuss bands who have stickers in the urinal at Sneaky Dees in Toronto.

There are always stickers in the urinals at Sneaky Dees including stickers of our good friends, Lungbutter. I was kind of thinking that it is a little gross to be putting stickers in urinals, but I guess it is free advertising and they are dirty hippies (just kidding, maybe).

Bubble about bands who bring you beyond.

There are a couple bands that we have been listening to for quite awhile, and I don't think we will ever stop loving. Shotmaker is the first, and the Mountain Goats is the second. There are a few bands though that have our attention right now. The Desaparecidos, Andre's Last Chance, Neil Diamond and Pretty Girls Make Graves.

If you were an architect, what would you build for us?

We would build the punk rock academy. A great complex that would include an all ages show space, recording studio and some rooms for touring and recording bands.

We noticed that there wasn't a keyboard player in your band. Any particular reason?

We don't have any more siblings to join the band.

How much work was it to get nearly 2000 plays on MP3.com?

It isn't much work at all. Most of the plays are from us sending out the link during the time when we are booking tours. Booking tours is very hard, so maybe getting those plays is kind of hard work.

Ask yourself a ridiculous question and answer it as though your

grandmothers and the people you most admire were all listening.

It can be said that there are no ridiculous questions. All questions are worthy of being answered. Their validity and relevance may fluctuate from person to person, though this fluctuation by no means decreases their inherent value. Such a concept is taught to school age children in an attempt to increase their confidence in their ability to learn and also to value brainstorming as a method of problem solving. However, over the years this approach falls by the wayside as we reach adulthood and become too embarrassed of our ignorance to ask questions or think that there is no need since we believe that we already know everything that we need to. (Or maybe we just don't like to have fun anymore and take ourselves way too seriously. That felt enough like a university lecture to qualify as an important answer. •

Discography

1998-s/t 7"

1998-s/t demo cassette

1999...Summer Ends Too Soon CD

2000-The Paper Airplane Doesn't Fly So Well Anymore CD

2001-s/t CD

2001-Rock Fight of the Century split CD w/ Eighteen Hundred and Faked Their Own Death.

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We take turns breaking each other's hearts... An interview with Dream On Dreary

By Breezy Blast

Girl, boy, girl, boy, like a 1950s cocktail party. Dream On Dreary was a little golden treasure sticking out of the sand. Each song they created was like a perfectly formed cupcake, only there was an ant or a soiled nickel in the middle, or even a prune. Each member brought integral parts together to form the sound of the band: seemingly "off" elements making a very right sound, crackling and low-humming like an old record. There was a warm piano (the kind where you can feel the yellowed keys being plonked in your teeth), sometimes a nursery toy, sometimes fledgling and "wrong" guitar, kick-bucket garbage pail drums (as if the person playing them was about to fall off the stool), and a voice that toppled the tight rope between country haw and church hymn.

Roger Harris-guitar
Jim Risbey-electric piano, drums, guitar, vocals
Sarah Truman-bass, piano, drums
Amber Webber-vocals

DISCORDER: Okay. Let's start with the dream-related questions. Tell me about a weird dream each of you has had recently.

Roger: There was this brick building that I was in, and a staircase going down. There was something saying the word "uncle" and there was a HUGE barrel of monkeys there, it was a wooden barrel of monkeys, and I was looking down at myself and I was shitting and puking at the same time. I picked up these monkeys and they were just huge and wooden.

Jim: I was drowning in a really deep lake with my friend Cam and he was laughing all the way down. I kept thinking I was hitting the bottom but it was always just big fish. I woke up when I couldn't breathe.

Sarah: I dreamt my work burned down with everyone inside, and it was my fault. They all emerged from the rubble and I felt so awful about it, and none of them even noticed it had happened.

Amber: I dreamt that monsters were eating my brain. Mr. Peanut was eating my brains too. He was wearing his wretched top hat and monocle. They cut my head open from the top and they were eating my brain.

Who would be your dream bill to play with, dead or alive?

Roger: Definitely Talking Heads!

Interesting... because you remind me very much of David Byrne. Your little idiosyncrasies, posture, vocal intonations. Totally David Byrne in *True Stories* when he's walking around in the mall.

Jim: Right now at this point in time, probably Adult, Numbers and Kraftwerk. 1981 Kraftwerk that is.

Sarah: Probably Numbers, Peaches and Ladytron... but I'd also love to see The Smiths live.

Amber: Willie Nelson. I love that guy!

What Vancouver bands do you find dreamy?

Roger: The Organ. I think they're the best!

Jim: The Organ, Radio Berlin, Jerk With A Bomb, Destroyer... too many to mention!

Sarah: Jerk With A Bomb, Three Inches Of Blood, Operation Makeout, Bakelite.

Amber: JWAB again, Piano, Three Inches... Spreadeagle!

Jim, your organ. The one with the keys... tell us about it.

Jim: It's a Wurliizer electric piano I got really cheap at an auction. I just like the sound of it. I think it's got an eerie sound, especially since it's out of tune on three very important keys.

Roger, where does your guitar-playing style come from?

Roger: I don't really know... I guess it was from my neighborhood. Because we'd just all play and feed off of each other. It's the Maple Ridge special. I did a lot of playing by myself. You know, you put

your ear up to the guitar and just play and play for weeks on end.

The strings almost sound broken or out of tune when you plunk around on them. But then they form this very pretty melody.

Amber: Roger's style is unorthodox! And almost sloppy. Almost "illegal." Almost sloppy but brilliant. Like you think for a second he can't play at all, and then all of a sudden...

How did you form this band?

Roger: Me and Amber started playing together. Jim had a shed. So we were like, let's play in the shed. I met Amber a long time ago and I got her to sing for me. I was stoked.

Didn't you first hear her sing a little Ani DiFranco?

Amber: NOOI! Goddamn. I never went that far down the road. Seriously! This is getting published, brutal! No, it was Black Sabbath, Black Sabbath, "War Pig," man! I was like, come into this room and I will sing you "War Pig."

Roger: No, I had to almost force Amber to sing. She didn't want to. She was too shy. We locked ourselves in a room and then she sang for me.

Jim: The band started when Roger and Amber recorded some stuff in my shed. I liked it and added drums without them knowing. The liked it and we started playing.

If all four of you were animals, which animal would you be, and how does the animal you chose relate to your position in DOD?

Roger: I would have to be one of those big tree sloths.

Would you describe your guitar playing as sloth-like?

Roger: Yes!

Amber: I don't even know what a sloth is.

Roger: Sloths move very slowly. They are always late. That would be me for sure. I would be a tree sloth... a BABY tree sloth.

Or a Grandpa tree sloth.

Jim: I would be an aye-aye. It doesn't relate to my position in the band at all. I just like them.

Sarah: I would love to be an otter. They get to swim around all day and they are so damn cute! I guess it sort of relates to my position in DOD because I was always moving around to different instruments.

Amber: I don't have an animal. But if I were a fruit, I would be an apple. Apples are good times and wholesome... but sometimes they're mushy or sour and you get a bad one. Sometimes you get a worm.

Dream On Dreary are posthumously releasing a 500-copies-only full length vinyl, available late September through the band (something@something.com), through blackbow_records@hotmail.com and at finer record stores around town.



By Black Diamond

The Spirit of moustache rock is making a comeback in Vancouver, and leading the charge of aesthetically-correct rock and roll music is Mission's Spreadeagle.

Traveling in packs, and not straying far from its garage or glam roots, the current state of rock in this city is a bit of a timid bear, but what of the era that includes Rainbow, Deep Purple, Mountain and even more traditional heavy rock masters such as Judas Priest and Black Sabbath? While stoner rock revivals may elsewhere quench the thirst for the latter, those revivals are few and far between, here.

Enter the Eagle—five music-lovers with an intense devotion to the golden era of early '80s rock and its swinging lifestyle; rock/metal purists compromising very little in their quest to re-educate the rocking and rolling denizens of Vancouver, where the distinction between runway style and 100% skid-dom has become blurred.

Retro-based clothing stores are everywhere; heavy-metal nerds line the record stores searching, with their ears to the ground, for the next Fucking Champs. You see, the beast has been awoken. And, like the Champs, Spreadeagle and their vast record collections have little trouble restoring the dirt back to its proverbial upper lip.

In a city like Vancouver, where a mulleted young lad adorned with a Judas Priest back-patch and studded belt can walk into a fine eatery and order Filet Mignon with fries, it's not surprising that Spreadeagle has emerged from the dark wooded thickets of Mission to grace the finest venues of Terminal City. The people of Vancouver wanna rock.

DJ's of Vancouver, be warned—there is a new DJ in town. Donnie James Rio, and he, along with 8-Ball, Juan Bad-Mutha and the rest of Spreadeagle, are issuing an eviction notice to the boring electronica which has plagued this city and its venues for years.

Bruce Allen, listen up...

(This interview was conducted at 3am on a Wednesday evening at a DISORDER annex located somewhere in the East of Vancouver. As there were people in slumber, we tried to stay quiet, but when you add Juan Bad-Mutha, drunk and belligerent, to a quiet apartment, slumber is soon traded for a rude awakening. 8-Ball joined the conversation via phone and provided a needed translation to Juan's brand of angry Jim Beam-English.)

Spreadeagle is:

Juan Bad-Mutha: Vocals.

8-Ball: Bass (named for the 8-Ball Jacket he wears, once the pride of some pawn shop owner; reduced to selling crack in the ghettos of Mission).

Oak: Drums.

Donnie James Rio: Guitar.

Mattias Stabtz: Guitar.

Let me start by asking you when and where can a person expect a Spreadeagle full-length?

8-Ball: When does our parent's trust fund start?

Juan: When we're goddamn good and ready, that's when!

8-Ball: I dunno, when does hockey start? October?

Yes.

Juan: I'm not interested in when it's coming out, to be totally honest.

8-Ball: Yeah, to tell you the truth, man, I'm more interested in gaining subscriptions.

Oh yeah, how many subscribers does Spreadeagle have currently?

Juan: Everybody who comes to our shows will be preferred subscribers.

Are there benefits to being a subscriber to Spreadeagle?

8-Ball: Damn straight!

Juan: Actually, there's no benefits. Just a helluva lot of privileges.

(Note: At this point, not two questions in, Juan's friends are already starting to annoy me with constant interference and an apparent need to be included in the interview. I was reminded of little kids that crowd the background of a radical skateboard photo, waiting for their chance to be captured in the limelight. My fear was that the tenants of our impromptu interview setting would awaken and the interview would turn to dust. Note to self for next interview: Take muzzles, duct tape, shot gun. Competent and effective Leech disposals.)

What does Rainbow have to offer in Spreadeagle's opinion?

8-Ball: Red, orange, green, blue, brown, yellow....

I meant the band, Rainbow. What does it have to offer?

Juan: Dio. But I don't want to talk about other bands. They're aren't important.

Well, with all due respect, you guys have a definite paying of rock homage within your music and you are definitely big music fans. What bands do you like?

Juan: What's big music? You mean like Wilson Phillips? Meatloaf? The Fat Boys? I don't really care, man... I like Ann-Margaret.

8-Ball: I like Krokus, April Wine—you know, just everything, man.

"Everything" is too broad a term for DISORDER readers, buddy.

8-Ball: I dunno. Everything, man. Like Coney Hatch, Pablo Cruise...
Juan: The rest of the band would probably say Mountain and Foghat.

8-Ball: Know the Marshall Tucker Band? Like poor-man's Allman Brothers style music.

How has the summer been treating the members of Spreadeagle?

8-Ball: Fuck, it's felt fantastic, brother. In fact, I still have another whole month to work on this tan.

Juan: [Almost incoherently] Wanna know what our favorite movies are?

This isn't the Smile of the Day or Cute Band Alert, pal. Are you drunk?

8-Ball: That's what happens when you put in your hours at the Legion.

Juan: Colt 45. Does it every time.

So you guys definitely like to party, we have established that...

8-Ball: Any time, any place, brother.

Juan: [Incomprehensible approval of last comment.]

Are you into any bands currently from Vancouver? What do you think about the Vancouver music community?

8-Ball: There's a few good bands, but we don't really care, to tell you the truth. We live in the bush so we don't have to deal with all the bullshit.

What bullshit?

8-Ball: Everything, man. You know?

Juan: I like a handful.

A handful of what?

Juan: Vancouver shit. [Laughter all around]

So where are the rest of the members of Spreadeagle at 3am on a Wednesday night?

8-Ball: DJ Rio, Oak, Mattias Stabtz? Mattias Stabtz and Donnie James Rio, being brothers, own their own drywallin' business, so they got a crew workin' night shift. They prefer to work in the dead of night.

What about your drummer? What does she do when she's not in Spreadeagle formation?

8-Ball: Oak? No one knows, to be honest. We don't know much about her, friend. Or what she does.

Juan: She's a mysterious creature. With veins deeply rooted in the art of Satanism.

Ohhh. So you guys are a satanic band?

8-Ball: Hallelujah!

Juan: We believe in the Lord. The Lord Of Beer.

8-Ball: Jesus is Bored, man.

Bored of what?

8-Ball: Being a spokesperson.

Oh, I thought you were going to say "bored of Christian metal."

You guys big Stryper fans?

8-Ball: I'm more of a Leviticus man, myself.

Finish this lyric... "the cheaper the grapes are, the _____"

Juan: I dunno, "the cheaper the grapes are?"

8-Ball: "The sweeter the taste of the wine."

Right. Remember that one?

8-Ball: Sure do. Great song, Kenny Rogers.

What does that mean, do you think? What do those words mean to you guys, in relation to Spreadeagle?

Juan: I dunno, I don't care. Sounds like bullshit.

[With that, he slips in the kitchen, spills beer on something important and all hell breaks loose in the apartment again. After things settle down, tenants are up and fixing for a sandwich of some kind. I continue the prodding of 8-Ball.]

8-Ball: It's an 8-ball way of life, man. It means some of the best things in life are FREE. And if they ain't FREE then they're pretty damn cheap and that's okay with me.

What are Spreadeagles' plans in the short term? I'd imagine that playing with the Misfits last week would top a few bands' to-do lists.

8-Ball: To write dumber and dumber songs. You know, people complain about the state of music here, but I think it can still get a whole lot dumber.

Juan: A provincial as well as state-to-state tour, then a whole World Rock-A-Thon tour.

8-Ball: We're going to start our tour in the Fraser Valley and work our way west to Coquitlam, then Port Moody, then Whalley, maybe New Westminster. That should be everything. That should cover an extensive tour.

Juan: Campbell River: The Island, maybe.

8-Ball: That's right. Conquer everywhere. Today, Mission; tomorrow, Comox.

Where can Spreadeagle be contacted about CD's, shows, tours and the like?

8-Ball: www.spreadeag.com •



Flying Folk Army

By Brian Disagree



The Flying Folk Army creates one of the greatest musical sounds that anyone can dance to. They are relatively unknown beyond activist circles, as they all lead full lives and use the part-time project as an extension of their hearts, playing mostly at protests for like-minded folk. But that isn't to say people who aren't activists can't listen to them. The Flying Folk Army is more than a folk musical protest and is more than just for the tight knit community called Activism. They play political songs, but they do it in a way that isn't preachy—it's fun. One of their main goals is to hopefully add more future activists to the world or even just people to help create a more loving community in their town or city. The Flying Folk Army holds community next to their hearts and they'd like everyone to enjoy their music and hope you'll join them at their shows.

Your song "What Side Are You On?" reminds me of my physically handicapped father who has been severely poor for the last 15 years. He supports the BC Liberals agenda and he supports capitalism. Why do you think he supports the very same people who'd like to see him living in the street?

Alison: Well, I guess that's probably not what they sold to him. I think they wrap it up in a very attractive package [and] a lot of people go for that because they don't see what's underneath it and they don't see what effect it's going to have once the stuff is actually implemented. I think a lot of people have reacted that way since the Liberals came into power [and] are getting that kind of reaction of like, "Oh, wait a minute. We didn't actually vote for all this stuff, we thought we were getting one thing and we were actually getting another thing." People are only getting fed one view all the time. They don't realize there could even be another. There's not another ideology out there unless they really look for it.

Megan: I think it's a deeper problem of, like, why do people continue to support the systems that keep them down? Making six dollars an hour, or taking away funding for ADHD kids in schools or whatever. It's just this internalized belief that nothing can ever really change.

Alison: You have to give people something else. You can't just resist; you have to say, "Well, here's what we could actually do."

So do you think the media, corporations and capitalists are putting people under a mind control kind of thing 'cause the right-wing ideologies control pretty much all the mainstream media?

Shawn: Mind control? Well, TV is pretty much the greatest mind control device ever devised, really. We've gotta get on TV, we could seriously control some minds. [Alison laughs] Well, nah, we wouldn't do that well on TV. We're not TV friendly, that's the problem.

We could pay somebody to go on TV for us and advance our ideas, but you can't really play that game, either.

What about bands like Chumbawamba or Rage Against The Machine that have been on TV? Do you think that Chumbawamba thing where they have some kind of a message on their chest on MTV or some talk show makes a difference?

Megan: No, because it's that whole thing of co-optation absorbing counter-culture. Rage Against The Machine is a really good example of that. They have big shows; thousands of people come to their shows; thousands of kids come to their shows. I think it's really great that they are doing what they are doing and I think Chumbawamba is an awesome band. But in terms of, like, does it have an overall impact? Not really, because this system of capitalism has this amazing ability to sort of ingest that and use it for its own ends.

Alison: Chumbawamba was the flavor of the month for that one song which was probably the least protest of any of their songs.

Megan: Now the cool thing about Rage Against The Machine and Chumbawamba particularly [was] they were bands that made a lot of money, I know from experience that they actually donate quite a lot of money to different political campaigns and stuff. Rage Against The Machine is really well known for supporting the Chiapas resistance movement and Chumbawamba, when they play in Canada, give money to Anti-Racist Action and shit like that. So, as far as it goes, if artists have the ability to obtain that kind of money and fame and if they use some of it for good ends, I think that's a really positive thing. So there's a positive contribution to that.

Alison: If bands like that that are taking their proceeds and just donating them and not making a big media thing about it, then that's a very honest thing to do. That's the most honest thing you can do, to take your profits and donate them quietly and not say, "Oh look at us... we're being activists so we're giving our money to this cause," and use it as another selling point.

What about bands like Rage Against The Machine? Say they lived in million dollar mansions. Are they actually activists if they are living the high life?

Alison: I don't think you want to go and live in a cardboard box just to make a statement. You also don't want to be driving around in limos and consuming mindlessly because then that would totally negate what you were singing about.

Megan: I don't know how the members of Rage Against The Machine or Chumbawamba live. I think that Chumbawamba probably still live collectively 'cause they always did for a really long

time, and I heard that they still do that to a degree. So, obviously, if their politics are really like what they're about, one would hope that those people that are political would continue to live in a way that is conscious. Again, you don't have to live in a cardboard box but...

Shawn: And being broke and not having anything doesn't really make you necessarily righteous in any way, either. I suppose if Rage Against The Machine and Chumbawamba are contributing something or they're firing people up or they're pushing people or they're making them ask questions that they haven't before maybe that's their day's work done.

Alison: It's the best you can do.

In regards to your song "Uncle Sam," could you explain who Uncle Sam is and why you are against the war he creates?

Shawn: Uncle Sam is the whole machine. That machine that all the kids are raging against. That's who he is.

Megan: Dwayne wrote that song in 1991 during the first Gulf War, actually. He didn't think it was a political song, he just wrote it. He was some 18-year-old kid and we're all old, as you can tell. We were all 18 during the first Gulf War. For us as a group, it's one of our big songs we do that we've done since the very beginning 'cause it's about fighting the war machine. Really, the whole Uncle Sam concept—the cultural, economic, imperialist concept; Uncle Sam is everywhere. You go to any country and there is an influence there.

Alison: And it gets more and more relevant. Which is really too bad. I really wish that song would cease to be relevant.

When people come to see the Flying Folk Army live, what can they expect?

Megan: FUN!

Alison: Noise.

Shawn: They can expect to get my sweat on them, probably, if they get too close.

Alison: And they might come away with a few more political opinions than they had before, hopefully. And, maybe they'll absorb some of that.

Shawn: They'll meet some happy, funny, awesome people in the crowds, too. We always get great people coming out to our shows. That's why they are so good, too.

Alison: I don't think we would still be going and still be popular if we just sat up there and hit people over the head. There's a lot of really depressing stuff happening in the world and we're trying to write about it, but we're also trying to make people have a good time while they are questioning society. *

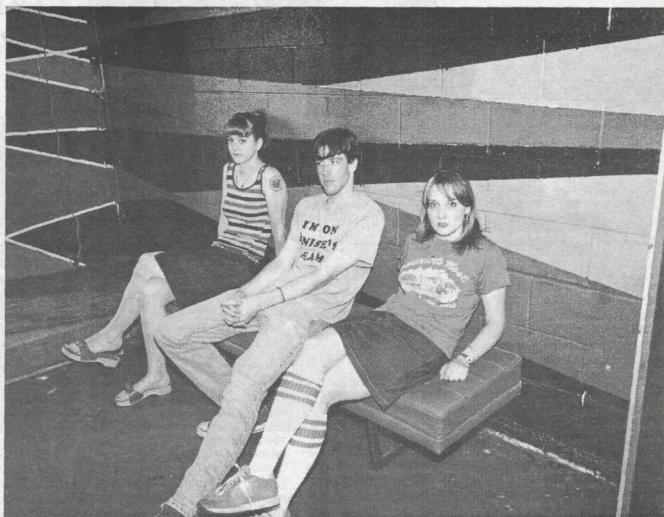
She Bangs

Despite the fact that Maggie Vail and Sarah Utter of Bangs are two of the friendliest mild-mannered people you might hope to meet in the back hallway of a club or packing up their stuff on-stage, there are still a few compliments that it would behoove you not to pay them.

"Pretty good for a girl band," is one of them.

"Pretty good rock," would be a better way to put it, or, perhaps, "Best friggin' rock 'n' roll I've heard since Robin Zander, Randy Rhodes and Jimi Hendrix all jammed together during my last mescaline high." Because once the short-sighted look past the fact that the band is fronted by two women, they might see that the straight-ahead, high-octane rock they play is not only on-par with any of their male contemporaries, it often surpasses them. And the fact that it's not performed by Ozzy Osbourne, biting the heads off bats because they look like chicken-wings through his bleary-eyed PCP haze, or Nikki Sixx, coked to the gills and believing that he really is Satan incarnate, makes it that much better, because it means you might actually get to go up and talk to the band without them trying to randomly murder you.

Just be sure to choose your compliments carefully.



DISORDER: Your music has definitely evolved over the past five years, but it's been a gradual process as opposed to re-inventing yourselves from album to album. How do you see it?

Sarah Utter: I think that's accurate. I think every drummer helps a little bit with their own style, so there's always that. When Maggie and I started playing music together at first, we didn't really know each other very well. I think it's been a matter of getting to know each other better over the years and getting more confident with songwriting and also just being more confident to tell each other our ideas.

Maggie Vail: Also, I didn't play bass until our first practice, so it's taken me awhile to learn my instrument.

Sarah: But I think you were always good at it. It's not like you were just learning. You definitely had a natural flair.

Maggie: I've played guitar. I've taken guitar lessons and played drums.

When did you start playing instruments?

Sarah: I played violin. I started when I was four and a half and I played 'til I was ten. Then I quit and I didn't play music until I was 17—I got a guitar for my 17th birthday.

Maggie: I started playing cello and clarinet in school—4th grade, then I started taking guitar lessons when I was 14. My dad played music and there was always a drummer in the living room and we had a practice room. My friend Brenda and I, we had a silly band called the Geoducks and we didn't even try to play our instruments. We'd just bang on things and make weird songs about Smokey the Cow Horse or weird library books that we saw.

Bangs firmly embraces the heavier end of '70s rock, but sits comfortably in the present as well. What, if anything, do you think you owe to the past, musically?

Sarah: Well, that's where I get a lot of my inspiration from, guitar-wise. All of my favourite guitar players—Tony Iommi, Jimmy Page—are from the '70s classic rock era. So when I started really getting into electric guitar when I was 19, that's what I was listening to mostly all the time. Now I'm sort of burned out on it. There's only so much of that music that you can listen to before you go crazy. I re-discover it every once in a while.

Maggie: Only so much Zep?

Sarah: Well, actually, for the last six months I've been super-obsessed with Led Zeppelin III. I really want to write a new song that has an open-tuning on it because that's mostly what the guitar is on that album. But, yeah, I get a lot of my inspiration for guitar and singing and just performing from the classic rock era in the late '70s.

You both hit your late teens in the early '90s, right at the point when Olympia punk was at its zenith, Riot Grrrl was a force to be reckoned with and, for that matter, Maggie, your sister drummed for the preeminent Riot Grrrl band. What was that like?

Maggie: Insane.

Sarah: Great! It was my favourite time of going to punk shows. It was right when I started going to them, so I was brand new to the whole thing—this idea that you could pick an instrument and start a band, and you didn't have to be on MTV to be in a band. I didn't really know any that existed until I went to a show sort of by accident when I was 16. That was such a great time because there were so many venues at that point. They were mostly all-ages and there were so many shows and so many great bands coming through town; everybody was really excited and maybe it was because I was younger and I was more excited, but it just seemed like there was so much energy in the air and so many people doing things—putting out records and having shows at their house. Tons of house parties with bands playing in the basement.

Maggie: That still exists—there's a really strong community at work. Still, it's not quite what it used to be.

Sarah: There was something about that time where it was breaking or brand new. It's always been happening, but at that time there was so much going on.

Maggie: Well, the possibilities were wide open, I think.

Sarah: I didn't really have anything to do with the Riot Grrrl scene, though. I didn't really connect with it at all, even though I was probably the prime age for something like that. I think it's because, growing up as a girl, my parents raised me with the idea that I could do whatever I wanted. If I wanted to be an artist or a musician or whatever, that was fine. It wasn't about gender or anything like that. I wasn't even really thinking about things like that at that time; I was just thinking, "I want to see bands play; I want to go to a party; I want to have a really good time; I want to pick up an instrument and learn it." I wasn't really involved with the political

side of it at all. But I have to say that I think more about those things now than I did at that time. Now that Riot Grrrl isn't this actual, physical presence, like it was; now it's just this ideology that's evolved. I think more about a lot of those things now that I'm older than I did when I was a teenager. They make more sense to me.

Are guys scared of you, Maggie?

Maggie: Yes, they are, but I don't really know why!

Sarah: It's really weird. At shows—and I've noticed it more recently—guys will come up to me and ask me if it's okay if they talk to Maggie, or if I'd tell her that she played a good show because they're nervous to talk to her, and I always laugh. I think it's really funny, because you're really friendly and approachable, I think.

Maggie: Well, I think, in the past, I've always been approached. **Sarah:** I remember I always used to be like, "Everybody always talks to you! Why am I so unapproachable?" and now, all of a sudden, I'm like the band ambassador.

Maggie: I don't know what it is.

It's because you have tattoos.

Sarah: Yeah, you're just all tatt'd out. Maybe it's because I'm single and you have a date?

Maggie: What? Sixteen-year-old boys can just sense that in the air? **Sarah:** Yeah.

You've never been afraid to deliver 10 songs in only 20 minutes. Do you feel that brevity is the source of wit or, alternately, that less is more?

Maggie: Yes, less is always more. Leave them wanting more.

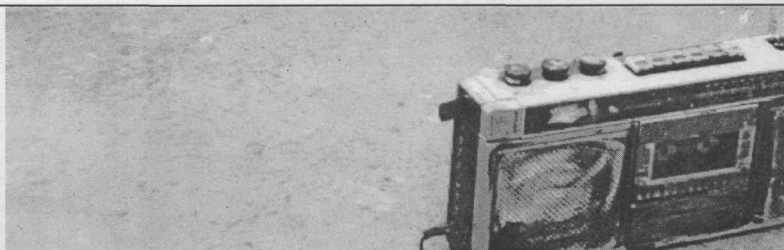
Sarah: Yeah, never outstay your welcome.

Maggie: The best bands should only play for 15 minutes. Somebody told me that when I was 17 and I believed it for so long. Then I was like, "Wait a second—if Cheap Trick was playing, I'd want them to play for more than 15 minutes!"

Sarah: I think, for us, short and sweet is way better than making a long, crazy concert album which sort of drags. Other people are great at it but, for us, I think it's short bursts of energy.

Maggie: No filler.

Skate or die?



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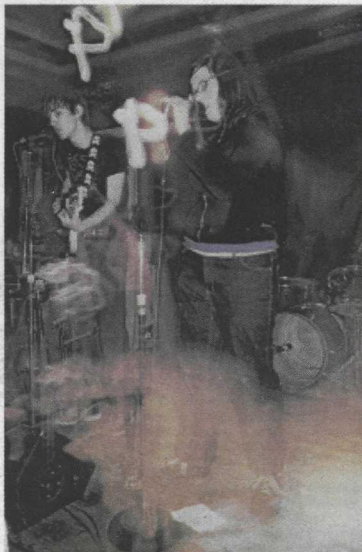
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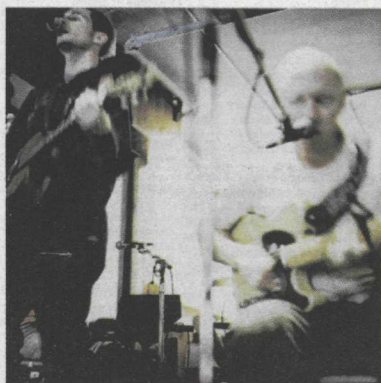
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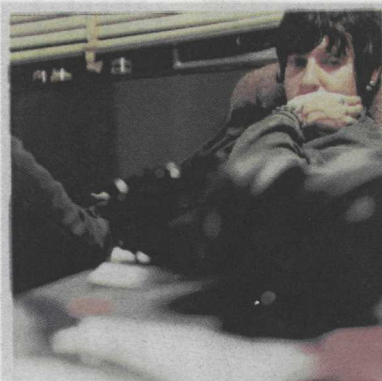
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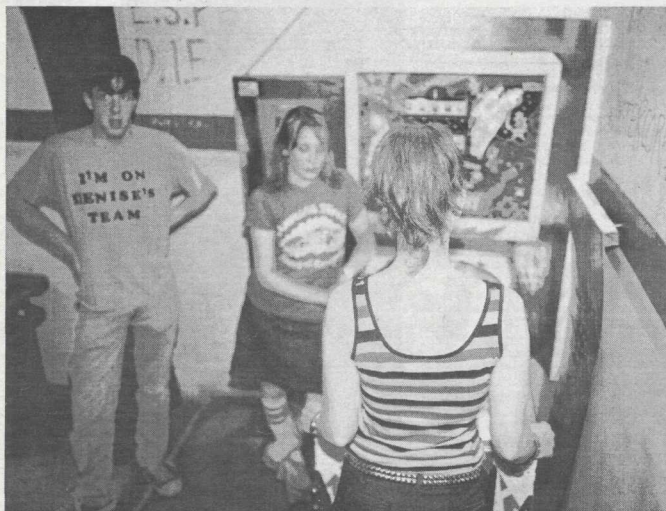
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Mecca Normal



by Chris Eng



Maggie: SKATE OR DIE!

Sarah: Skatel! Yeah, everyone in Olympia's obsessed with that

movie *Dogtown and Z-Boys* because it came to the film society.

Maggie: Tobi got a copy of it on DVD; we watched it the other night.

Sarah: We went skateboarding afterward on our big old skateboards from the '80s. I went home and I put on my old Vans and my stupid hat that I was trying to look like Tony Alva in and went out.

Maggie: It's all about big skateboards. It's not about new fangled skateboards with little wheels.

Sarah: Big wheels and little pants, not big pants and little wheels.

You still got your fat decks?

Maggie: Yeah.

Sarah: Yeah.

Are you good?

Sarah: I get pretty radical.

Maggie: I tried for years to learn how to ollie in this one church parking lot and I could never do it.

Sarah: I just cruise around. It's more of a mode of transportation.

Maggie: Going fast is really fun, but the older I get, the more scared I get. There's this hill in Olympia and when I was younger we would start at the top and just coast down to downtown, then you had to hang this really sharp corner by the park, but that sort of stuff's too dangerous for me now, so I just cruise around the neighbourhood late at night and pretend I'm living in 1985.

Maggie: your vocal presence has definitely increased since *Tiger Beat*. Are you feeling more confident now?

Maggie: Yes. Feeling much more confident about everything since *Tiger Beat*. Voice, bass-playing, playing live, going on tour—all that kind of stuff. On the last tour, I was having a lot of anxiety about travelling, but, for some reason, I wasn't anxious playing shows. Everything else about tour was freaking me out, but every time I played I was totally fine.

Sarah: It's so weird; I get so stressed out and nervous when we get to the club and are setting up equipment or sound-checking, but as soon as we start playing, as long as there's no technical difficulties, I feel totally relaxed and comfortable. It's really strange. I never thought that I would feel like that before I started being in a

band. I was never the kind of person that liked to... I didn't hate it, but I didn't like getting up in front of the class and doing some kind of presentation. I think it's just having confidence and knowing that you can do something well. I feel comfortable playing guitar, I think. If I didn't have a guitar to hide behind, I'd feel a lot different. If I just had to be a singer! I'd be a lot more nervous. But I think my actual singing ability has gotten better because of practicing. When we first started the band, I sang because Maggie didn't really want to and there was nobody else. Jesse wasn't gonna sing, so... I didn't mind it, but I've never really thought of myself as a singer. I've always just thought of myself as a guitar-player; but the more I've done it over the years it's gotten a lot better—not that I'm born with some great talent for singing. I'll always be a punk singer; I'll never be one of the world's great trained vocalists, but I've learned a few things from friends that are actually good singers about doing little warm-ups before you sing live and stuff. Those've helped a lot.

Most of your songs, even the upbeat ones, are tinged with a bit of venom, lyrically. Is that intentional?

Sarah: I think it must just be how I am.

Maggie: Yeah. I don't really write when I'm happy. I write when I'm upset.

Sarah: It's hard to write when you're feeling really good about everything. It's much easier to write when you have something you want to vent.

Maggie: Right. And I'm not necessarily very good at talking to people about stuff.

Sarah: Exactly! That's what I was thinking.

Maggie: I totally hate confrontation—both Sarah and I do—and I don't like arguing with people. I just walk away.

Sarah: Soon we'll be writing songs to each other. "Stop chewing with your mouth ooooooennnnnn!" Just kidding. You don't do that.

Maggie: Yeah. Okay. [Whispering] Sarah's a total jerk.

Sarah: But yeah, I think that's why all the songs are like that. Because I'm totally non-confrontational in my day-to-day life. Doing it and singing it in a song is much easier because I definitely have a different feeling of who I am when I'm playing than I do when I'm at home or walking down the street or at work. It just feels like a different person; you can be whatever kind of person you want to be.

"The Great Bangs Tour Extravaganza/Debate 2002!"

By Sarah Utter

1) The Makers. Our tour mates, partners in crime, wrestling opponents, personal stylists, guitar techs and amp wranglers. A lot of people asked, "Why are YOU touring with THEM?" I guess it does seem like an odd match—us in our t-shirts, jeans and unstylish haircuts opening for a bunch of fancy-boys with concert albums. I think it's the Eastern Washington/Western Washington connection or maybe our shared love of thrift stores and bouncy balls, I don't know—but it works. Makers/Bangs TLA!

2) Peter David Connolly. Our new drummer and a youngster at 22 years. Peter is a rock 'n' roll animal behind the drums, but he had never really left Washington State and didn't know how to operate a calling card. We had a lot to teach him. Skills he learned during our trip: how to use a motel phone, how to do laundry at a laundromat, how to close the van door, how to pump gas—next tour maybe we'll teach him how to drive!

3) Jessica "Energy Drinks" Orr. Our roadie, with a penchant for gas station hot dogs and Red Bull. I think we decided at the end of the trip (after sampling 50 different kinds) that Rockstar is the best tasting of all the varieties of energy drink, despite its bad packaging and slogan ("Party Like a Rockstar"). Jessica is off hot dogs now after an especially evil one at a 7-11 in Denver made her violently ill (although it might have had something to do with the three Red Bulls she drank, followed by a fit of running around the motel at 3am, knocking on people's doors and then running away with her accomplice, Jay, the Makers' drummer).

4) The Dodge Ram. Our van! Maggie and I have never officially owned a van before, though we've been playing together for five years. The van did an excellent job, with only one de-railment in the industrial wasteland of Hammond, Indiana...

5) Hammond, Indiana. After sitting forever in *The Worst Traffic in America* (a.k.a. Chicago rush hour), the van started to act a little funny—uh oh. Double uh oh because none of us are mechanically inclined in the least. I usually like to say "check the fuel filter," 'cuz it sounds like I know what I'm doing, but this time something seemed to be wrong with the steering. By some twist of fate we pulled into the Gas-A-Rooom, located down the street from Universal Trucking, home of Bosko and the band. Jessica used her amazing skill of blending in with the locals to befriended our savior, Bosko the Serbian. He stole the part we needed off of his boss's identical Dodge van and didn't charge us a penny. Crazy! If you're ever in Hammond, make sure to visit Bosko and send our love!

6) Action Dan. We stayed in Brooklyn with Jessica's friend, Adam, who is hilarious and has an impressive Home collection. He also had something else on his wall that I became obsessed with—Action Dan. He was an action figure from the dollar store down the street, with a mysterious identity. The drawing of him on the package seemed to depict some sort of Al-Qaeda fighter dressed in camo, but the actual doll looked like Ken dressed in a white skin suit. What? Adam generously donated Action Dan to us and he became the unofficial fifth member of the tour gang, and though he lost a boot in Toledo (sorry, Dan) and one of his ski-poles somewhere else, I think he had a good time.

7) Toledo, Ohio. We had a sort of depressing show, so we made up for it by staying up all night jumping on the beds and going nuts. Somehow we got a room that was two rooms—the sweet suite! We felt like royalty. Peter put on Maggie's slip and posed for some bodacious shots on the bed, smoking a cigarette and reading Jessica's copy of *Hollywood Wives*—The New Generation. Jessica's obsession with this book peaked, I think, in Cleveland when I woke up at 7am to find her reading and she shouted out, "Lisa! back together with Greg!" After she finished *HWNG*, she bought some book about a cat that was a detective in Los Vegas.

8) The Squeeze Breeze. Our form of air-conditioning. Our van's A/C didn't seem to really work—good thing I had planned ahead and bought the best product ever invented for summertime touring: The Squeeze Breeze. Besides the catchy name, it comes with a carrying strap so you can wear it around your neck, like if you're at an art museum or a demolition derby and you need a spray. The Squeeze Breeze is basically a spray bottle with a motorized fan attached to it, but you have to make sure you don't start to nod off when you're operating it or else your lips will get caught in the blades.

9) Wrestling Teams. The Makers are obsessed with developing their own wrestling team. They all have their own wrestling alter-egos: Michael, singer "Baby Lemonade", Donny, bass "Samsomite", Jay, drums "Squatch", Tim, guitar "Big Buffet", Kyle, roadie "Honeybucker", Jamie, guitar "The Controller" (he's the manager). We decided they needed some competition, and established our own group. Introducing: "The Noggin" (Maggie), "Garden Sin-Sation" (Peter), "Bruce, the Great Dame" (Jessica, the manager) and "The Ice Machine" (me, although I think I'm better suited to choreography or costume design). We haven't had a rumble (yet), but my money's on Baby Lemonade getting his ass kicked by the Noggin, or Squatch handing out a pummeling to Garden Sin-Sation, or The Controller and Bruce getting involved with folding chairs...

10) Trivia Wards. No one cares that I scored a billion points on Trivia Whiz in Lincoln, Nebraska. I think Michael even told me I was extra boring (I was good at Trivia—I disagree—Lincoln also involved Jessica taking off her bra to throw at the Makers during their set, me and Jessica drinking Jagermeister out of a tiny metal boat to celebrate the Germans' loss in the World Cup, eating really bad sushi and laying on the sidewalk after the show, blasting world music out of the boombox Peter had picked up at a thrift store. After the show, I sat down in a grassy field by the motel and got chiggers! Gotta love tour.



History Lesson: SHiNDiG!

By Michael Schwandt

Photos by Dan Siney

What do Three Inches of Blood and the Salteens have in common? Not a lot, you might suggest, and you might be right. But both Vancouver bands share the distinction of having won SHiNDiG!, CTR's annual battle of the bands.

For about 20 years (it's a SHiNDiG! fact that NOBODY knows the inaugural year exactly), local musicians have spent the cold autumn months fighting it out to be SHiNDiG! champions. The Railway Club is the host venue for the weekly skirmishes, which run from September until December.

Bands are selected from a pool of entries submitted to CTR. It's a long and difficult process to choose the best of the best entries, and to make sure that a variety of musical styles are included. Once the 27 competitors are chosen, 3 bands play each week in an opening round. The winners of these preliminary rounds then compete in semifinals, from which SHiNDiG!'s finalists are selected.

Last year, on a cold misty night, the finals came down to the six-piece heavy metal juggernaut known as Three Inches of Blood, young punk rockers My Buddy Dave, and unclassifiable one-man band Motorcycle Man. Each of the wildly different bands brought impressive musicianship to the stage, but Three Inches of Blood had the presence and charisma to win over the crowd and judges alike. They had scream-alongs about slaying orcs, one of their singers had his mic attached to a gigantic sword, and frankly the other finalists could only hope to fight for second place.

By their last SHiNDiG! show, Three Inches of Blood had gained a reputation as a band—perhaps THE band—to see live in Vancouver, and many fans who had been won over by the Three Inches live show eagerly waited for the release of the band's first full-length CD. *Battlecry Under a Winter Sun*, recorded in part with studio time won in SHiNDiG!, ended up going to #1 on the CTR charts.

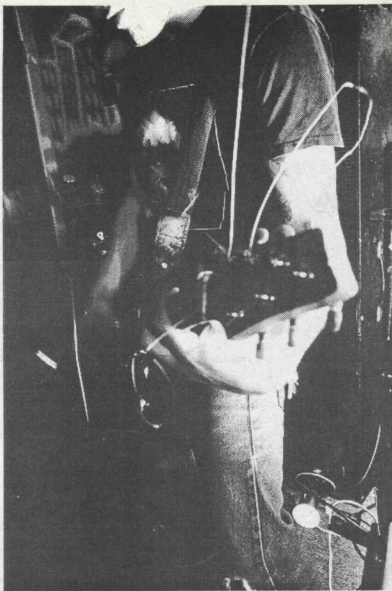
As well as the exposure to a new audience, SHiNDiG! offers large prizes of rehearsal and recording time at Vancouver studios (this year, Mushroom, the Hive, Backline, Bean Brothers, CBC Radio 3, Fireball Productions, and Video In donated prizes), as well as air-time on CBC's *Radiosonic* (with Grant Lawrence!) and a spot on just-concerts.com. And, every band that plays at SHiNDiG! is invited to play on CTR's local music institution Thunderbird Radio Hell.

Judges are volunteers from CTR/DiSCORDER, and they are extremely qualified, the qualification being enthusiasm to watch bands that often come as complete unknowns. At a given SHiNDiG! show, five different judges busily scribble notes and try to rank the evening's bands. It's a tough gig. Compensated only with free beer for their efforts, and often dealing with the wrath of eliminated bands, tireless SHiNDiG! judges are valued by the contest's organizers. (Contact benlai@ctr.ca for information on this fun opportunity.)

Any history of SHiNDiG! would be shamefully incomplete without a mention of Jokes For Beer. At every show, the intermission between the second and third band is a chance to win beer by subjecting your best jokes to the scrutiny of the cruel, cruel SHiNDiG! crowd. Get on stage, spit out the knee-slapper you overheard on the bus ride to the venue, and if the crowd is pleased, you win. Jokes For Beer. It's like gladiatorial combat for masochistic extroverts, except the spectators show less mercy. Last year a Stephen Hawking impression got a prize, so check your most classy witticisms at the door.

Fans of local music have been flocking to SHiNDiG! for years, and for good reason. Many Vancouver favourites played their very earliest shows at the event, such as past winners like Clover Honey, Readymade, the Cinch and the Radio. The SHiNDiG! stage has also been given a beating over the years by a long list of bands including The Nasty On, Witness Protection Program, Trail vs. Russia, Operation Makeout, the Organ and the Riff Randells.

This year, the first round starts on September 10, and continues every Tuesday until December 10. All shows are at the Railway Club, and the first band goes on at 9:00. •



Last Year's Winners: Three Inches of Blood

"What's Right"

Two new comic collections get freaky on Canada Customs

by Chris Eng

"You know, during the last trial, Little Sister's needed to get the books that were confiscated for the defense, but every time they'd import them, they'd get busted. So, you know what they did? They went to Celia Duthie. She got all of them, no problem."

Robin Fisher is leaning over a plate of European food wearing a t-shirt that bears a picture of her namesake, the on-again/off-again sidekick of Batman. This alone should be proof enough of her devotion to the comic world for most people but, for the non-believers, the fact that she more-or-less single-handedly assembled a book-size collection of comics (soon to be two) as a fundraiser for the Little Sister's Bookstore's fight against censorship should allow any outstanding concerns.

The well-documented trouble between Little Sister's and Canada Customs started years ago and culminated in 2000 with the ruling that Customs had not only unreasonably delayed and held much of Little Sister's imported merchandise, but also that they did it through "systematic targeting" of materials bound for their store. It turned out, however, to be a hollow victory.

In February of next year, they will be forced to go through all of it all over again when they take Customs back to the docket, this time over two collections of gay comics, *Meatmen* #18 and #24. While each of the issues is partially a collection of erotica for the gay community, *Meatmen* is also about half-filled with cartoonish commentaries on the gay community as a whole. The offending comics were, however, special \$64 issues and no amount of witty observations or arguing for artistic expression were getting those past customs. Not even in this post-lawsuit Canada, and apparently not even when your government agency was brought to task on a similar charge only two years previous. Perhaps especially not then.

"Basically, what happened was when they won the trial, Canada Customs tried to argue that what they were confiscating was 'obscene.' Fisher is trying to eat, but she's animated at the same time and while it makes for an interesting show, not much of the food is going in her mouth. Still, she doesn't really seem to notice. 'Before, the supplier or the seller or the [purchaser] had to prove that what they were buying wasn't obscene; now customs has to prove that it is. They confiscated *Meatmen* and had 30 days to return them and explain why they're obscene and they never did. They kept them for months and months, and Little Sister's did everything the proper way; did the appeals the right way, and nothing. So, they were just, 'You know what? You're breaking the law. The Supreme Court of Canada says you have to do this and you're not doing it. It's illegal.' And they're taking them back to court and hoping that when people start dictating what we read—because obviously they feel it's necessary, whether what's getting put in is obscene or not—it should be somebody who takes the time and the effort to read it, to put it in context, to know what they're talking about; it should be an educated mind. It shouldn't be some over-worked customs guy flipping through it, seeing anal penetration, getting all freaked-out about it and saying, 'This is offensive.'"

Which is about the point when Fisher hooked up with Little Sister's. Having worked at a comic store for a number of years, she was more than a little familiar with Canada Customs' various "procedures" they would implement when dealing with the adult comics—holding on to things for months without notifying anyone, not giving any reasons for the delays, and bureaucratic runarounds revolving around works that often weren't obscene in any qualifiable sense. "So, when I read about Little Sister's going back to court with the two *Meatmen* anthologies, I was like, 'Well, I should go over and meet them and talk to them about this, because I have experience and this is my cause.' So, I went and met Mark McDonald—he's the book-buyer at Little Sister's. He was getting into comics and we really hit it off and I just thought, 'Well, why don't we do a comic book to raise money for this?' And then I said, 'You know,—famous last words—I have a really big mouth, so I'm pretty sure I can get the word out there and get people interested enough to do something.'"

That something has turned into a pair of books that have logged her countless hours on the phone—and countless hours of long-distance bills—putting together a collection of art that at once showcases human sexuality and simultaneously takes apart the censors that try and keep the art from us. *What's Wrong?*, the first of the two books, is a collection of strips that shares much in common with the *Meatmen* collections. Filled with frankly honest, but often X-rated, stories and commentaries, it peers into the sexual side of the debate, flaunting the exact things that the border-guards want

to keep from society, showcasing various critiques of their policies and celebrating sexuality in general.

"Well, the way it came about is there are a lot of people who wanted to submit sex stories, right? Fisher takes a deep breath, fires a bite of schnitzel into her mouth and keeps going. 'And I don't have a problem with that. I, in fact, enjoy that, but I knew that a lot of other people would have a conflict of interest because of the content, so I wanted the artists to have the option of doing a more G-rated story. That's why I decided to do two books. So, *What's Wrong?* basically pokes fun at customs, embodies what Canada Customs censors, and pokes fun at censors as well. *What Right?* is just specific stories of censorship—whether it's Canada Customs censorship or just censorship in general—because I really feel this is a topic that most people should know about, given the opportunity. The next book is G-rated because I want little old ladies to read it; I want 8 year-old boys to read it; I want everybody to read it and not get hung up on anything in it. You know what I mean? I don't want anything in that book to stop people looking at it."

So, she set out, contacting all the artists she's met over the years and putting the call out on internet message-boards and through mass emails. And slowly the responses began to trickle in; a trickle which turned into a deluge which burst into a flood. "The book was going to be 90 pages; we got 200 pages and we jumped it up to 160, so I still had to cut 40 pages." Startled by the response, she went so far as to attach a warning to the solicitation for *What Right?* "I said that on the press release: 'We have 157 pages to fill—the exact amount. So, please don't be offended if you get cut.'"

And at some point—one that Fisher isn't 100% sure the origins of—Arsenal Pulp Press selflessly signed on as the publisher. "Actually, I didn't even go to Arsenal. They came to me, which is really surprising. I guess they'd been talking to people at Little Sister's. You know, I honestly don't know how it happened, but all of a sudden Mark was like, 'Arsenal's gonna publish it,' and I was

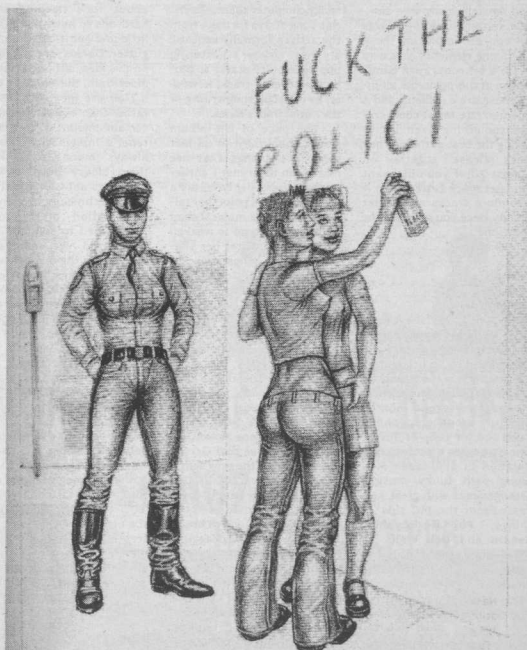
like, 'Sweet! I don't have to sell it or anything! It's done.' But, I guess, you know, they really believe in the cause; and they really took it on, because they had to get stuff really cheap and they managed to find the cheap stuff, but they made the book look excellent. Like it's a beautiful, beautiful book. I could never ask for a better book, seriously."

Fisher lays her cutlery down on her plate, a satisfied look on her face. Somewhere along the line, in-between excited bursts of talking, she managed to consume all the food in front of her without paying it any mind. Still, that's how it is for her: food is food, but comics are the air she breathes. She thinks of them in the morning and late into the night, and she just wishes that people would treat them with a little more respect and tolerance—and she hopes her book will help foster that in the world at large as well as aid a worthy cause.

"I hope it educates. I think that a lot of people don't know what's going on. It's just appalling to think that someone's telling you what to read. My parents don't tell me what to read, so why is some government official doing it? I'm an adult—I can read whatever I want. So, I hope with this book people start becoming more aware and angry enough that they want to do something. I also hope it raises money because trials are expensive and Little Sister's doesn't have that dough just lying around. This is something I really think that Canada needs to address. It's something that's been kept under wraps and it's not the way the law should be. Finally somebody's doing something about it and I'm glad that I'm helping. I've wanted to help for a long time."

(*What's Wrong?* is available now from Arsenal Pulp Press. *What Right?* will be released in November. Robin Fisher's comic-oriented radio show, *The Onomatopoeia Show*, airs on CTR every Thursday from 2-3pm. Her column, *Kill Your Boyfriend*, can be found elsewhere in this magazine.)

G.B. Jones



under review

recorded media

FRANK BLACK AND THE CATHOLICS

Black Letter Days

FRANK BLACK AND THE CATHOLICS

Devil's Workshop

(Sonic Unyon)

The Pixies influenced almost every meritable guitar-rock band that came in their wake—and never got the credit they deserved. Why? Because the Pixies had the integrity to not buy into the system of marketed melodrama that fuels pop music. Thus, although every serious guitar guy I've ever talked to knows and reveres them, their genius is lost on the A&S Sound-engorged masses. Although **Frank Black's** work with his Catholics doesn't quite come up to the level of intensity of his former group, he's still made consistently good records in keeping with the spirit that has worked for him all along. Even on his more mournful tracks—almost invariably the best on these albums—there's an inflection of sarcasm that prevents them from spilling over into feeble, my-scene-is-dead-and-I'm-selling-my-own-soul-for-mental-peace sentimentality—as was my concern in picking these years. Some elements here may seem a bit roots rock bandwagon at this point, but all-in-all these are excellent, and a talented mix-tapist could create something even better taking the best of them. They were released together on August 20; if you only want one, get **Black Letter Days**: it has more tracks and better quality once you get past the first song.

Danovan

DSP

In the Red

(Ninja Tune)

Ninja Tune have done it right with **Dynamic Syncopation Productions'** new release and it's worthy to be brought to the attention of those who are enjoying Blackalicious' new album from several months ago. UK producers, Johnny Cuba and the Loop Professor bring together a potent combination of skill-laden MCs along with funky musical arrangements with great success. From the MC side of things, **Phi-Life Cypher**, **Eve-On** and **Dell Wells** all make important contributions, and it helps that this album could have been worth listening to if it was an instrumental album. Having said this, I found **Chill Rob G's** "Bullshit" track to be verging on rant rather than clever bat-

tle rhyme. It's a fine collection of "true-soul" songs, and worthy of a spin at any house party. For those who are fans of the **Herbaliser**, **Nightmares on Wax**, or **DJ Food**, I suppose all this talk is pointless because you have the album anyway.

Samuel Kim

EMM GRYNER

Asianblue

(Dead Daisy)

Despite my usual disgust for the Top 40, I still really like pop music. It's happy dammit. So, it's a great thing to find a good indie pop album. At least until everyone else discovers it too.

Ontario singer-songwriter **Emm Gryner** has updated herself with this latest offering of piano-driven pop. Spiked with a handful of new sounds, **Asianblue** is polished and summer-sweet. The album kicks off with strong, sparkly numbers that are radio-friendly yet original-sounding. "Young Rebel" best represents Gryner's growth as an artist in the last two years: rhythmically layered and laced with snaky computer sound effects, this song's lyrics furthest from the artist's formally accurate stylings. Gryner's glittering pop sensibility starts to blur by the seventh track, however, as the solid songwriting of the initial tracks fades.

The pace of the album slows, thankfully, in its last third, with songs that are more akin to Gryner's earlier releases. Here, her lyrics are a particular weak point, her talent being more musical than literary. They tend to weaken rather than bolster her simpler, acoustic songs, especially in "Green Goodnight." However, the delicate, ethereal "Christopher," written to commemorate astronaut Chris Hadfield's first free float in space, is a genuinely pleasing surprise. Lyrically, this is the best song on the album (perhaps because it's not about love), and the gloss that shimmers over the first tracks lingers on this one as well. It's gratifying to see that Gryner can still handle the slow songs, especially after 2000's *Girl Versions*, a fairly painful cover album that transformed the likes of **Blur** and **Thrush Hermit** into slow-dragging, mock-Tori Amos piano syrup.

It's great to find a good indie pop album. Unfortunately, if this summer's trend of piano-guitar pop (**Sarah Slean**, **Vanessa Carlton**) continues, this album might just catapult Gryner into the mainstream

charts. Which would be good for her but sad for me. 'Cause I don't want to share.

Kat Siddle

DANKO JONES

Born a Lion

(Universal)

For anyone who hasn't heard **Danko Jones** yet, imagine what it would sound like if **Muddy Waters** had grown up listening to **Led Zeppelin**. That might be simplifying matters a great deal, but it gives you the general idea. I've always liked **Danko Jones'** attitude of just playing good old hard blues rock for fun and not being a pretentious preachy politicized bastard like so many rock stars become. **Born a Lion** carries on this tradition of simple yet powerfully hooked songs honed to a razor sharpness during live performances. Like **Danko's** previous work, most of these songs are related to sex and love, especially lost love, and they all have that typical Danko feel of tightly written songs with no excess fat on them, slick yet retaining a raw feeling.

Christa Min once wrote about rock needing more hard-ons to live things up a little and get it back into the gutter. **Danko Jones** delivers on this idea, although, like his older work, the songs on **Born a Lion** are more suggestive rather than explicit, leaving a certain amount up to the listener's imagination. Danko always manages to keep things sleazy enough to keep his songs appealing without being technically obscene, a combination pretty much guaranteed to sell CDs in a sex-crazed yet sex-fearful society like the one below us.

As his first major label release, **Born a Lion** has Danko poised at the brink of major stardom in the USA. Let's just hope he keeps things fun, crude and lewd when that happens.

Vampyra Draculae

JASON LOEWENSTEIN

At Sixes and Sevens

(Sub Pop)

Everyone has a favorite **Sebadoh** member, in the same way that everyone liked a different cast member from **Jem**, the girl-rock cartoon from the '80s. I always loved **Stormer**, the nice Misfit who was mistreated by her nasty bandmates. In the same way, I always appreciated the underdog **Jason Loewenstein**, whom I felt never got the props he deserved for picking up the creative slack left by **Lou Barlow** on the last few **Sebadoh** albums. In contrast

to the democracy that characterized the work of the seminal alt-rock band, **At Sixes and Sevens** is a megalomaniacal project. In J-Lo's own words, "I wrote the songs, played the instruments, schlepped the gear and pressed the record button ALL BY MYSELF!" Anticipating this album, I wondered how well Jason would be able to effectively replicate a four-piece rock sound solo. Would his playing be weaker on any particular instrument? Would the songs sound sterile, the way solitary, studio-based efforts sometimes do? The answer is a decisive no.

There is not a single dud in this collection of beautiful, catchy, quality rock tunes. Jason's guitar work is incredible, alternating between lightning-fast sharpness and fuzzy, erred, distorted deliciousness (esp. "Casseroles" and "I'm a Shit"). His vocals have also progressed to the next level (falsetto on "Roswell to Jerusalem" and "Circles"). Jason's lyrics remain at the same high calibre we had come to expect from his work with **Sebadoh**, demanding attention and thought on the part of the listener, while still being pretty to listen to. **At Sixes and Sevens** is an alt-rock tour de force. Until **Sebadoh** reawakens ("It's not dead, just sleeping"), I think we all have a lot to look forward to from Jason. Although I still think he should have gone with the "J-Lo" title.

Susy Webb

CORB LUND BAND

Five Dollar Bill

(Stony Plain Recording Company)

Just because you like the **Smalls**, doesn't mean you're going to like the **Corb Lund Band**, which is fronted by the now defunct **Smalls'** bassist, **Corb Lund**.

His new album *Five Dollar Bill* is pure country music, without even a hint of the hat to the punkrockmetal that flowed through his massive fingers for the past decade. With songs like "Time to Switch to Whiskey," "Roughest Neck Around" and "Daughter Don't You Marry No Guitar Picker," Lund wrangles up a new posse of listeners who probably appreciate **Johnny Cash** and **Merle Haggard** more than **Maynard** from **Tool**. But what seems like a 180 degree artistic turn is a mere shifting of focus for Lund, who grew up in Lethbridge, Alberta and followed in the footsteps of his father and became a rodeo cowboy. In 1981, when he was 15, the steer he was riding bucked him off and stomped on his head. Shortly thereafter, he discovered rock and roll, and left his country roots behind. Now, with help from **Nickelback** drummer, **Ryan Veked**, and a herd of other professional musicians, Lund is back in the saddle, and

so far there's been no mention of riding off into the sunset.

Douglas Harrison

CAROLYN MARK AND HER ROOMMATES

Terrible Hostess

(Mint)

This would be Mint's latest variation on the neo-country theme. **Carolyn Mark** often sounds like **Natalie Merchant**, but her Roommates take her much further toward twang than the **10,000 Maniacs** ever went (apparently they actually are her roommates). Some bar-room swing, some plaintive moments, and some full-on hoe down as well. Unfortunately, this CD just doesn't go down as smoothly as the inevitable comparison, being **Neko Case's** recordings, also on Mint Records. The song structures on *Terrible Hostess* are a little awkward, and Carolyn is not always dead on. I have heard that Carolyn is excellent live, so I'm assuming that she has fallen victim to the usual pop translation to plastic pitfall. I hope Mint doesn't come looking for me. I did enjoy the Roommates. They are a solid band.

Michael

MEKONS

Oooh!

(Quarterstick)

Barry Zito is 23, 6'4" and 205lbs. He's a lefty. He's good. But I'd bet my "Work All Week" that he doesn't know who the **Mekons** are. He says he likes punk rock. His favourite punk rock band is **NOFX**. He's also into Zen, man. **Barry Zito** is a fuckin' hippie. But do you know what happens when the ladies see him? They go, "Oooh! Barry Zito!"

Christa Min

METALUNAS

Instrumentals of Terror!

(RIP)

Because there are so few well-known surf rock outfits in my world, it is by default that I compare these reverb-sopping creep to **Shadow Men on a Shadow Planet**. I trust that they won't be offended by my unimaginative comparison, considering they cover the **Shadow Men** song, "Plastics for 500, Igor," without even mildly interrupting the vibe of their full-length album, *Instrumentals of Terror!* By the way, the word "terror" is not to be taken literally in this context: most of the songs on the album are less frightening than '70s B-horror movies, though I will admit that the intro riff to "Death Comes at Midnight" sounds like something **Slayer** might use to evoke a feeling of introspective hatred. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending on your taste, **Mark Brodie**, the **Metalunas'** guitarist and prime songwriter, quickly scooby doodles across his fretboard to a much happier emotional place, where he remains for the bulk of the

album, supporting the vibe thrown forth by the CD cover, which displays a blue fin combed monster in the process of accosting a bikini-clad blonde.

As implied by the title, *Instrumentals of Terror!* avoids the use, or over-use, of the human voice, a daring decision that spontaneously eliminates 90% of potential listeners. There are several fleeting moments on the album when the **Metalunas** speak up, and on "Go-Go Gremlin," vocals do take the forefront. It was upon hearing this playfully annoying hootenanny that I praised the **Metalunas** for their vocal bravery.

Douglas Harrison

NO USE FOR A NAME

Hard Rock Bottom

(Fat Wreck)

I admit that when I first picked up the CD, I was a little skeptical and nervous. Yes, they are punk rock and some argue that all punk sounds the same. That is exactly what I was afraid of. Don't get me wrong, I love punk rock a lot. I just don't want every band to sound like **Blink 182**. I don't want to believe you so we will just stick to talking about this CD.

Honestly, I can't tell one song from another as they segue into each other. It sounds like the whole album consists of the same four chords. I can only see this CD as background moshing music, nothing more. The kids aren't going to care about how awful it is 'cause they are too busy beating each other up. Besides, kids will mosh to anything these days.

Shila

THE NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

s/t

(Stutter)

With the **Cinch's** EP and *CitySlick* by the **Nasty On Under** the **Stutter** label's young belt, they deliver yet another excellent debut in the form of the **Notes From Underground**. I'm hearing many different bands here and it's all good. "Mes Amis" is **Black Francis** and **Lou Reed** anally raping each other (and neither of them minding), "I Saw Her Kibitz" is the best song **Steve Kilbey** from the **Church** never wrote and "Waiting for the Light" is falsetto-sweet singing with a Mellotron tastefully in the background is just off-kilter enough to make ya get all weepy and stuff. I bet these four gentlemen don't own the same record in their respective collections, yet they do agree on when to rawk, and when to not. After seeing them live a few times, it's a pleasure to hear them use the fun little goodies a studio has to offer. The organ is a great touch, without being too overbearing. The only criticism is the harmonica on "Nela," but I never liked the song "Cursed Female" anyway. So the next time ya

hear some over-hip scenerist complain that this there's no musical community in this stinkin' burg, throw the entire Stutter records catalogue their way. Better yet, just play "em "Run and Hide" off this disc, and watch them try and stay in a bad mood.

Luke Meat

PRESSURE POINT

The Only Constant Is Change

(Farway Records)

This Saint Albert, Alberta band advertises their music as their own mixture of "speed, melody and emotion." However, even with all their melody and emotion, **Pressure Point** were unable to produce a very memorable EP. Titled **The Only Constant Is Change**, this EP contains six songs that most would classify as alternative rock. I was torn between liking and not liking this CD. The lyrics are not very complex or poetic but are very emotional and heartfelt. The songs, especially the first track "Seventh Day," are kind of upbeat and the vocals of the lead singer are strong, but I realized that after four listens through the EP, I still had a hard time differentiating between the songs except for track six, "From Here On In," because the screaming that serves as background vocals is not something that can be easily missed. **The Only Constant Is Change** is a wonderful CD for background music at parties where most of the people are drunk but it's not a collection of great songs. **Pressure Point** are heading into the studios in February 2003 to record a full-length album. Look for that when it comes out as this five-person band does seem to have some good songwriting abilities—skip past **The Only Constant Is Change**.

Wilson Wong

RUSSIAN FUTURISTS

Let's Get Ready To Crumble (Upper Class)

Snappy, summery synth pop that makes my head bob. I taste the flavours of *Sesame Street* and the *Beach Boys*. It's easy to imagine the Muppets busting a move to these songs. One-man band Matthew Adam Hart writes songs that could easily slip into the realm of annoyance, and yet somehow never do. Melodic to a fault, but it's okay because I can't stop grinning. A fine craftsman. Keyboards, drum machine, stringed instruments and other sounds that may or may not be electronic make appearances (the liner notes give no clues), with Matthew's vocals being the constant. I like every song on this CD. An excellent guilty pleasure which I highly recommend.

Michael

TOTAL SCIENCE

Hot Spot/Love 2 U (12") (Timeless)

Future Drum & Bass anthem, "Hot Spot," released late last

May by **Total Science**, is the pattern and the cure for summer dementia. With its hyena howl and elephantine bassline (faintly reminiscent of "Dumbo"—**Dom & Roland's** lost masterpiece), it is the soundtrack to the circus in your sun-baked brain, still echoing after eight hours withering in an office. Then, weary and exploited, let "Love 2 U" on the B-side help cool you down on those blissful Friday evenings, when the amount of time between you and labour is at its maximum. **Q-Project** and **Spinback**, together as **Total Science**, are too prolific to be consistently good, but more often than not their techno-infused D&B style and hip hop sense of humour come up with something worthwhile, this single and their tracks on last year's *Turned In LP* eminent in that category. I've been enjoying these tracks for weeks and was ecstatic to get them both on the same album.

Donovan

TSUNAMI BOMB

The Ultimate Escape (Kung-Fu)

Finally—a female-fronted, So-Cal, pop-punk, over-produced band of the sort of nature able to shoulder aside all comers and take its rightful place next to **Lagwagon** and **Blink 182** on the summit of the alternapunk scene. Oh yeah, I've been waiting for this since 1995, and you know when they play the Warped Tour next year, I'll be able to die fulfilled.

Chris Eng

VARIOUS ARTISTS

BIP-Hop Generation v.5 (BIP-Hop)

This compilation showcases a wide variety of left-field IDM artists from across the world. A love for analogue synths, long builds of sound, and a little bit of playfulness unites these songs together. The Canadians represent through **Andrew Duke**, an artist from Nova Scotia, and reminds everyone that Canada has something worth contributing when it comes to electronica. I was particularly impressed by BIP-Hop's selection of diversity in terms of artistry and cultural backgrounds. Particularly helpful were the small bios for each person; references to previous works; and website addresses in order to spur you on to listen to more music for yourself. I suppose it's also worth mentioning that it's an enhanced CD with a little music program as a bonus, and that may interest some for novelty value at least. However, this album will probably not win any newcomers to the cause of abstract electronica—don't come to the party if you're into clearly defined melodies, recycled loops, and club anthems. But for those interested in hearing sounds from other countries in that genre, this compilation may be worth investigating.

Samuel Kim

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Location Is Everything Vol. 1 (Jade Tree)

For those who have been following Jade Tree's better known bands, this compilation from the Delaware label gives a good sampling of their widely divergent roster, as well as offering some goodies from the indie darlings we've come to know and love. Notable tracks range from the stripped down rootsiness of **Mighty Flashlight**, to the quirky off-kilter **Owls**, through a very cool, quiet, piano-infused instrumental by **Euphone**, and over to the strong female fronted emo of **Denali**. **Milemarker** impresses with their take on '80s new wave/'90s punk fusion. Several straight ahead punk and hardcore tracks fall somewhat flat in the context of this crayon box of sounds, with the exception of **Strike**. **Anywhere's** "SST," which kicks my ass firmly. **Pedro the Lion**, **Jets to Brazil**, **The Promise Ring** and **Girls Against Boys** are present, with a track from an album and an unreleased track from each. A highlight is **David Bazan** at his most political and caustic in **Pedro the Lion's** "Backwoods Nation," an out-take from the *Control* sessions.

Jade Tree is doing mighty fine. My sister wants to be on this label.

Michael

THE VINES

Highly Evolved (EMI)

I once overheard a conversation about the boom of underground-inspired rock in the mainstream since the **Strokes** have come out, and whether or not any of those bands had staying power. Yes, the **Vines**, a new band made up of four guys from Australia, did come up.

You may have heard their single, "Get Free" or seen the music video on **MuchMusic**. Possibly you've sighted the numerous posters and advertisements for their debut album, **Highly Evolved**. Maybe it's only because of clever promotions, but they're definitely a band whose reputation precedes them.

Their rock sound uses the reputation that **Nirvana** perfected, with vocals by **Craig Nicholls** that sometimes reminded me of **Scott Weiland** and—at more brilliant times—leaned towards the stylings of **Lennon** and **McCartney**.

Despite a few songs that wouldn't get out of my head, **Highly Evolved** sounds too much like everything else out there to really impress. It got to the point where I wondered whether the **Vines** had their own style or merely combined other bands' styles to create a pretty unoriginal CD.

However, it's inevitable with any new band with this much hype to disappoint upon the first listening. Descriptions

in their promotions boasted them as the new **Nirvana** and compared them to the **Beatles**: due to such build-up I was expecting to be knocked off my ass, but instead kinda... stumbled. But once I got over the initial disappointment, I quite enjoyed it. It's no **Hives**, but it'll do.

Parmida Zarinkam

THE WEEKEND

Teaser EP

(Teenage USA)

You know the feeling—the feeling you get when a song so good, so unbelievably catchy comes along and all you want to do after hearing it for the first time is loop it on repeat, turn your stereo to 11 and dance like a berserk loser on your bed? For the summer and fall of 2002, friends, that song is "80's Rockstar." Coming across like **That Dog** at their most rock, **Scratching Post** at their most pop or **Veruca Salt** at their most accessible, **The Weekend** have managed to construct a pop song so flawlessly hook-laden that all you'll be able to do for 12 hours after exposure is hum it until your vocal cords bleed. And then you'll come back for more.

Still, better than that, the rest of their aptly-titled **EP**, **Teaser**, is great, too. Sure, they're aiming for a shot in the slick alterna-pop ranks of the **MuchMusic Countdown**, and if you're so wrapped up in your personal security blanket of pretension that you can't enjoy anything that the plebeian masses might then you'll probably hate it, but for the rest of us, we've been given a six-song nugget of danceability.

Get the CD. Kick your shoes off. Get up on that bed. Get to it.

Chris Eng

YEAH YEAH YEAHS

s/t EP

(Touch and Go)

NVC's **Yeah Yeah Yeahs** are everywhere. Not literally of course, (Vancouverites will have to wait until their September 25th show with the **Jon Spencer Blues Explosion** to see them in the flesh), but there is virtually no self-respecting culture/music/alternative media rag that hasn't already embraced the **YYY** phenomenon. And who can blame them? With the release of their debut **EP** and months of airplay in the UK,

this Brooklyn trio is establishing themselves as the flag-bearers and trash icons of the reborn New York City rock scene.

Listening to the five tracks on the **EP**, one is treated to a raw combination of drums, chugging guitar and, most notably, the brilliantly shrill vocals of Karen O, the band's enigmatic singer and brazen on-stage persona. The songs are visceral and lyrically sardonic, charged with the sexual bravado of "Bang" ("As a fuck, son you suck") and the riotous cacophony of O's (perhaps) death metal-inspired vocalizations in "Art Star." It is in "Mystery Girl," though, that O inadvertently captures her own essence. "The girl hit hard like a barracuda, baby, she floated on air like the crest of a wave, she was a primal institution, she was a danger to herself." The singer may be being ironic, but it doesn't change the fact that, due to the **Yeah Yeah Yeahs**, the world has become a more dangerous and exciting place.

Andrew Dong

Sorry, I Wasn't Listening: Reviews of CDs I Didn't Listen To

By Chris Eng

INTERPOL

Turn On The Bright Light

(Motown)

Interpol wharfs fun in the most outrageous arenas. They have task forces that combat football hooliganism and art theft, and provide security for the G-8 leaders. The International Police force is, quite frankly, a bunch of tired old by-the-book law-enforcers who are constantly stomping over everything that young people see as moderately enjoyable. So, it was with no small amount of trepidation that I listened to their namesake group, a band culled from various branches of the organization. My anxiety was apparently justified. Their debut album, **Turn On The Bright Light**, comes across like an indie version of the McDonaldland characters singing, "Don't do drugs." It's insincere and no matter how good the music is, you know there's a message behind it running contrary to everything you stand for. They say they're down for good times, but you know they mobilize anti-riot squads; they say "Say Hello To The Angels," you know they deliver Tasers to the backs of necks; they say, "Stella Was A Driver And She Was Always Down," but you know they're the Man. And no amount of posturing is going to change that.

"Hey hey, ho ho, co-optation of indie culture by undercover police officers has got to go."



w/DJs SARAH VAIN and EPINE

A LUNA RED THE ORGAN DECORA

(ex-members of the AUTOMOVEMENT)

a global symphonic showcase

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SEPTEMBER

JESUS CHRIST VAMPIRE HUNTER

The second coming is upon us...

CONDENSATION OF SENSATION

Philosophy and psychedelia fornicate in this case as screened on the master of hand-manipulated emulsion, CARL BROWN

MAINZER STRASSE

Anarchist occupation in Berlin, and the battles that ensue

SWARM

DAVID YORKE and LAURA MADEIRA hit loose

SHORT STORIES & FRACTURED FABLES

With films by MICHAEL SHWIN, MINA SHWIN, JACK CARMICHAEL, WENDY FULTY & more!

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Rare early work by JIMMY HANLEY, RICHARD REEVES, JERRY WILLARD, CARL BROWN and others

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SPECIAL TWIN TOWERS EDITION

AMERICA: LOVE IT OR DIE

PAUL KINHAUS (Hollywood) engages us as we watch the version of the real war we're not seeing

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THE LOCUST BLOOD BROTHERS

ARAB ON RADAR LIGHTNING BOLT GET HUSTLE

Friday, August 2

Graceland (Seattle)

As the unchallenged contender for "most destructive line-up" of the year, this show carried some pretty heavy expectations. I got to Graceland too late for *Get Hustle*, but just in



FRONT LIGHTING SID LIGHTING BACK LIGHTING

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time to witness the stunning heroics of the mighty *Lightning Bolt*. For whatever reason, these brave champions chose to eschew the elevation of the stage for a place among the people. In other words, while the swirling cacophony of their bass-and-drums assault drove the kids into a reckless, thrashing frenzy, they actually played on the floor, surrounded by the crowd. They had to continually back up and back up, pulling their gear with them, in order to avoid the fans that were falling on them repeatedly. Their set was everything I was salivating for—a pounding, driving, gut-wrenching rhythm hurricane laced with the distorted screams escaping from Brian Gibson's throat mic. When they finally got to the title track of their colossaly awesome *Ride the Skies*, the whole crowd lost their shit in an orgasmic freakout that wasn't matched in intensity all night.

Arab on Radar lost a lot of the crowd response playing some of the most thoroughly challenging and repulsive music I've ever heard. It was undeniably ambitious, though—it's no easy task to genuinely disturb a bunch of kids that showed up and paid money to see the *Locust*, and they definitely succeeded.

The *Blood Brothers* were a totally different story. Obviously hometown favorites, their brand of stylish, fragmented hardcore brought more ass-shaking to the floor than any of the other acts. They also beat out every other band for pure hormonal appeal, with two sexy, sweaty (and one shirtless) stand-up vocalists trading off edgy, angular screams that kept the crowd excited.

After the mass-apocalypse of the *Blood Brothers*, the biggest band of the night was a bit of a disappointment all around. Clear plastic bass guitar, emaciated limbs, and matching hoods and short-shorts notwithstanding, the *Locust* didn't really deliver the anticipated spectacle. Maybe it had something to do with the relentless heckling ("Get off the stage, you fat fucks!" "Does your music sound slow when you're on all that coke?"), but they looked pissed off and unhappy to be there. They spat out a few biting comebacks, threw down some trademark, short bursts of cradled, sci-fi thrash while standing stock-still and then left. There was little applause and no encore. From what I hear, however, they made a killing at the

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READYMADÉ

MELLONOVA

HINTERLAND

Wednesday, July 17

Purple Onion

For the first *Readymade* show in nearly two years, an impressive crowd packed into the Purple Onion to see the Vancouver shoegazers. The night started with a set by *Hinterland*, another atmospheric local band. Diminutive singer Michaela Galloway has an absolutely stellar voice, and her huge range contributes in no small part to *Hinterland*'s soaring sound. *Hinterland*'s instrumentalists played comfortably though a diverse repertoire of sounds, from rock to curious ambient numbers. The rhythm section was plainly solid—but at times solidly plain—backing the songs more than competently, but with few creative displays.

Toronto guests *Mellonova* were Part II of space rock night. This band's orbital path was less of a trip than *Hinterland*'s cosmic ellipses; their sound is a bit less Neptune and a bit more down-to-earth rock. The songwriting seemed at times to be quite straightforward, and the vocals were not especially compelling. Very nice twinkling guitars and effects, but things weren't really taking off.

The headlining act did not disappoint. Rising and falling washes of guitar, pulsing bass, and subtle electronic elements: all of the *Readymade* machine was firing smoothly. Their set mixed songs from throughout the band's long history. Guitarist/singer Arch seemed to be enjoying his return to the stage, and his strong delivery in the uptempo song "Wayfinding" was a high point of the show. By the time *Readymade* closed the night, and the bar, with the chilly drone of "Cold Lamping," all the audience could have asked for was more new material—the lone new song of *Readymade*'s set ("Going Glass") was great. It's a testament to their chops that *Readymade* is still very much on point after such a long hiatus from live performances.

Michael Schwandt

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merch booth. Go figure, *Saelan*

THE VINES

Monday, August 5

Richard's on Richards

The *Vines* were late getting into town for their show; we were late getting into the venue, and the bands were late taking the stage. Good start to the evening.

I never caught the name of the opening act, but it was catchy indie-rock with loads of harmonies, and a keyboardist who can play a mean trumpet... and then came the technical difficulties. The band did their best to pass the repair time with jokes and some conversation with a really wasted guy named Craig in the balcony. But by the time they got going again they'd lost their momentum.

Now, I don't want to give the *Vines* a bad review. Maybe I just don't understand their music, or them, or whatever, but to me their entire set was half-assed—which unfortunately left a lot of potentially good songs sounding half-baked. Craig Nichols had all the rock star moves down (writhing around onstage, smashing shit), but seemed unbelievably bored doing it. The whole band looked like on-stage was the last place in the world they wanted to be. I'm not saying that no one enjoyed it, but after leaving the stage, there were no shouts for an encore, and a good chunk of the crowd had already started heading for the exits.

GM

PINK MARTINI

Tuesday, August 6

Richard's on Richards

Soft blue and amber lighting outlined spaghetti-straps and dark suits as *Richard's* on *Richards* filled to the brim with a youthfully challenged crowd one Tuesday night.

Nine musicians slipped behind their instruments—piano, violin, bull fiddle, trumpet, trombone, timbales, bongos, drums, congas, even a fish. As "Bolero" swelled, the band leader, Thomas Lauderdale, rode his concert piano like Lawrence galloping across the Arabian dunes; the violinist intertwined notes like rising waves of heat and the band seethed voluptuously in a seductive desert dance. But seriously... These people can play. Though individually restrained, collectively they were impassioned and flamboyant.

Chanteuse China Forbes floated on for the second num-

ber. Her rich and sparkling voice carried much of the evening, with songs from *Sympathique*, reminiscent of *Piaf*, to "No Man Will Ever Reach My Cold Diamond Heart," an ache of *Porter*-like love song inspired by the 1968 Tokyo film, *Black Lizard*.

Pink Martini is a mix of swing with a twist of salsa. But it took five songs before a few crazed zombies wandered on to the dance floor and pretended not to know each other. They were stirred, not shaken, and after a splash of vibraphone and other exotica the dance floor eventually filled and stayed full all the way to the last encore, a simple and lovely Philipino folk song.

Exotica? I suppose. But any one of their numbers would fit perfectly on CBC. Somehow that is the problem. Each song is perfect and nothing is new. The edge has been practiced away—which, after all, is the very essence of the "Lounge" sound. The album, *Sympathique*, is the perfect Xmas present for your mother or your teacher. They will love it. It is lounge-core heaven.

Pink Martini's saving grace is that they play real instruments beautifully, from tickling the piano to searing the trumpet to shaking the gonads. It's fantastic to see so many accomplished musicians getting paid. There is not a sample in earshot and they will set the candle light and wine scene ablaze.

Adam & Rebecca

604 HIP HOP EXPO

Friday, August 9

Commodore Ballroom

I walked into the Commodore late and, in my attempt to evade the mandatory bag check, lost my friends immediately. I found myself alone in a sea of suburban hip hoppers, their streetwear fresh off the Robson Street racks. Through the swirling artificial smoke I could just make out the stage, which was bare save for several

clad corporate banners. What had I gotten myself into? There was a dude onstage distributing t-shirts, handing out "Baby-T's for the ladies first." Cause it's always ladies first? Hmm. I had no problem with that sentiment, and couldn't believe what happened next: he shushed the crowd, and proceeded to do a duet with an Arabic singer. Wow. I decided to suspend my personal stereotypes about rap and hip hop for the rest of the show.

This was done a bit too early, as the *Rascals* were up next. While the *Rascals* began in Vancity in '93 at the cutting edge of the Canadian underground hip hop scene, on-stage they seemed to have lost a lot of that renegade energy. They bounced around and rapped, looking and sounding like virtually any other mainstream rap duo. The next act was much more exciting: *Medusa*, consid-

ered by many to be the queen of underground hip hop, took the stage, commanding attention with both her powerful presence and performance. Somewhere between *Erykah Badu* and *Gil Scott-Heron*, her versatile voice moved from saucy rap to powerful gospel, easily impressing both styles. I barely had time to recover before *Killa Kela* was up. A scrawny little white guy from Manchester, has mastered the art of multivoicing. (As he told us: "That's what we call beatboxing in Europe.") His particular style involved creating house tunes with his mouth. The crowd went wild as he mixed the chorus of *Bravey Spears* "Slave 4 U" with heavy, thumping beats. If I hadn't been right there watching him, I would have been sure it was a DJ with a pair of turntables. By this time I was immersed in the crowd, getting jiggly in a sea of basketball jerseys and loving every minute. Finally, *Rahzel* took the stage. The lights dimmed even further, and the world's dominant beatboxer's booming vocal power filled the Commodore. He sounded like something between a dinosaur and an earthquake. The most prominent member of the *Roots* had whipped the crowd, myself included, into a frenzy when the Commodore's management brought the lights up right at two o'clock. What?!

Rahzel had to leave the stage halfway through. "If Your Mother Only Knew," his greatest hit from 1993's soon-to-be-classic *Make The Music 2000*. Oh well. Perhaps the Commodore's ridiculous behaviour was a good thing; in the words of one young fan, if *Rahzel* had finished, "I probably would have blown my load on the spot." And nobody needs that.

Susy Webb

THE MAKERS

HOTWIRE

THE RUMORS

Wednesday, August 14

Piccadilly Pub

Anyone who wasn't at the *Makers / Hotwire / Rumors* trip last August 14 at the Piccadilly Pub on a helluva gig. Makers fans bemoaning their most recent effort, *Strongest Parade*, were treated to many a surprise, as they were unable to perform a majority of the songs from that record due to some equipment problems (previous shows, like their record release show back in Seattle at the end of April, had them re-enacting the entire album on stage to finish). Therefore, original guitarist Tim Maker slashed out chords alongside Jamie Maker, who was on fire for the entire set and who dued it out with Tim at the start of the encore.

Normally reserved and stoic, bassist Donny was the most animated I'd ever seen on this night, his hands literally flying around his bass and even

cracking a smile on a couple of occasions. Proving once again why he's one of the best front-men in the business, the sexy swagger of singer Michael Maker had the girls swooning, and Jay Maker beating the living tar out of his drum-kit insured that this show was going to be remembered—or else. Musically speaking, we got a healthy dose of new songs ("Addicted To Dying," "Laughter Then Violence," and the ballad "Calling Elvis, John And Jesus"), as well as blasts from the recent past ("Looking For A Supergirl," "Tiger Of The Night," and a searing version of "Metro"—the instrumental segway from Rock Star God). They reached a little further back for "Lover Lover" and "Deliver Your Disease," and sent older Makers fans through the roof with their renditions of "She's Going Under" and the powerful finale of "Leopard Print Sissy." Hotwire impressed with their **Cheap Trick** power pop meets **Exile On Main Street**—**Rolling Stones** tomfoolery, and after what may have been only their fourth or fifth appearance, the all-female The Rumors gained some new converts with their own sultry brand of **Runaways**-inspired rock and roll. All this on a Wednesday night, no less.

Bryce Dunn

STREETS THE SEARCH FOR ANIMAL

CHIN
Friday, August 16
Blindfire Street

In 1986, I was in Grade 8 and a big-ass dork. Seriously—I was getting my picture taken with David Suzuki and all sorts of other seriously uncool shit, like hanging with the camera club geeks. Despite this, I wanted to be cool, and there was only one way I was going to get there—getting rad on a Phat Powell-Peralta deck.

Know what? Never happened. There was no skateboard forthcoming under the Christmas tree and I didn't start earning my roadrash until 1991.

Flash forward to now. Years have passed and although I continue to shred with all the finesse of a legless monkey, I still love my deck and look back fondly on the glory days of the mid-'80s. It was a golden age for me, maybe made even more vivid by the fact that I was cruelly deprived of Indy trucks at such a young age.

So bless **STREETS'** collective heart for bringing back the '80s in such a vivid and visceral form. Every single sk8-rock lick that I listened to in my living room as visions of Christian Hosoi dancing in my head have been faithfully recreated amongst refinements of their own.

Playing after the quintessential '80s skate vid, *The Search For Animal Chin*, at the **Blinding Light**, **STREETS**

proved that sk8-rock is more than just a genre of music, present or past—it's a way of life—and the hundred-odd people that were there to see them play knew it too. Skaters old and new packed out the conservatively-seated theatre and watched, letting tears fill their eyes and love fill their heart. Because skating begins in the heart, and if you can't see that, then step over here while I focus your chug, poseur.

Chris Eng

BISON
Saturday, August 17
Cobalt

Bison's loud shrieking feedback guitars ended a long day that had begun in the DJ booth of CTR with shrieks of a slightly different sound by **Diamond Gas**. All things go in cycles. **Bison** put on a pretty amusing little show at the Cobalt, Saturday night, opening for **Lynchbuck**. It was an extremely loud, energetic show for the 60 or so people there—a decent turnout for the Cobalt. I got the feeling that even if I had worn earplugs it wouldn't have mattered, as the thrash assault on my hearing would have still left it intact.

They've just evicted their former singer (well, in the case of **Bison**, screamer might be more accurate), so vocals were mostly done by guitarist **Kreg Saturn**, whose demented guttural barking of indecipherable lyrics masked the noisiness of their short whirlwind paced songs perfectly—some of which were only about 10 seconds long. Also taking up some of the vocal slack was bassist **Jaymz 666**, who has a more "traditionally punk" (if there is such a thing) sneering voice in their song "I Don't Care," which my friends and I agreed was the highlight of the set.

The show had lots of humorous moments too—from **Saturn** calling **Jaymz** the prettiest one in the band (which is certainly true), and discussions of which band member smells the best, to songs with lyrics like "Let's all roll around in the wet spot!" All in all, **Bison** put on a fun, fast, furious show that punks in Vancouver will enjoy immensely.

Vampyra Dracula

DÄLEK
BAD WIZARD
MR. UNDERHILL
Thursday, August 22
Piccadilly Pub

Wow, Vancouver rock fans treated to the **Misfits** on two nights in the same week! **Mr. Underhill**, like the **Misfits**, have a way of utilizing their enormous hair with flair and Jerry Only would definitely approve, only because this band has a dangerously comparative ego. Apparently the band has a few fans though, judging from the showing of both girls and boys that arrived en route from Walnut Grove on the Translink 390. For a minute there, I

expected to see **Peter Murphy** emerge from the backstage area, ready to lead the kids into black-lipsticked revolt, but it was just a nostalgic daydream. This music was not for me, but hey—I hate the **Misfits**, so what do I know?

Up next was **Bad Wizard** and, judging from their name, I assumed it would be a stoner-rock type of band. Though I'd never heard them, my assumption was correct; I mean, can you imagine a band named **Bad Wizard** not being **Sabbath**, **Kyuss** or **Deep Purple** influenced? C'mon, get off the pot, man. This band played beer swillin', beard rockin', ass-kicking rock and roll with enormous ferocity and the girl on lead guitar looked like my Aunt Jacquie, except she looked more like a "Jacquie" than my Aunt does. Angel-cut bangs curling gently around the edge of her perfectly symmetrical face—I imagined the singer, with his burly beard, making a perfect hair seal when the two lovers met face to face for the first time. Pure magic. She rocked, though, and so did he, and so did the rest of the goddamn band. If my summation that they are the **Nashville Pussy** of stoner rock is correct, then you should be seeing this band touring with the likes of **Andrew WK** and the **White Stripes**, eventually.

Incidentally, while we were talking outside, the lead singer actually ripped off a panhandling hooker right in front of the Pic. It was a smooth scam, one which had probably been perfected on the streets of New Jersey. She asked for change, holding in her hand eight loonies. **Beard-Buddy** gave her a five dollar CDN bill. He then asked her for the \$4 in change, and she was permitted to keep the 5. Not knowing that there were more than four loonies there, he took the offered hand of change, and there was the scam. As she walked away, doing the simple math in her head, it didn't take long for her to figure out that the scammer had just been scammed. Whether he did it intentionally or not is still debatable, but the woman of the street just nodded her appreciation or respect

to the **Beard-Buddy** as she walked down the street in defeat.

Dalek, as **Beard-Buddy** described them, were a hip hop group breakin' down the walls of perception. They had been childhood friends with the **Bad Wizard** members, so that explains the show's apparent metal/rap visage. This was not a "Judgement Night—Live!" kinda' night, though, as **Dalek** proved to be a most worthy hip hop complement to the new standard in stoner-rock. As **Beard-Buddy** stated earlier outside, **Dalek** has a way of letting you know that they have an immense knowledge of every kind of music and everything in general. Intelligent, not unlike **Koolhaas** or **hybrids** thereof. This band has definite, multi-genre musical influences, and that's an appealing quality to indie-nerds, hip hop heads, and goth-freaks alike.

You will be hearing from these fellas in a big way—very, very soon.

Black Diamond

JASON MCLEAN
Bathroom Drawings
Sugar Refinery

Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera, Jean Michel Basquiat and Joan Miro have come together to eavesdrop on what appears to be a free-association session underway in the bathrooms at the **Sugar Refinery**. Literally covering the walls are drawings and text by the industrious local doodler, **Jason McLean**. Although this work at first seems to relate only to a private, stream-of-consciousness monologue, it refers instead more to some commercialized, mass unconsciousness than strictly **McLean's** own. What looks to be personal and coded becomes uncanny and familiar, like trivia everyone seems to know without knowing why. This presents an interesting challenge: the notion of the subject is made to reveal its inherent enigma. This challenge comes from (at least) two directions at once. One, that the subject cannot be made wholly subjective, instead withholding a surplus bound negatively to an incommensurable other that is nonetheless nec-

essary for self-definition, like the superheroes were to each other during the cold war. And two, that the subject is a measure of emptiness that always remains empty even after it is supposedly filled in and made subjective, like shoes that are too big but that fit just the same, even comfortably.

In this case, **McLean's** pseudo-childish characters, and deliberately naive words only appear to proliferate without obvious design. In fact, they're held together by the unidentified mediation of society, specifically (or predominantly) the influence of popular culture. Unnamed, the force of this influence is an absent cause, providing a seemingly unconscious translation, a sense of background. As such, we always get **McLean's** playful free-associations, even while they remain outwardly mysterious. This is precisely the challenge described above: our sense of subjectivity feels entirely individual and autonomous (something that is ours alone, that we can know), although it is also thoroughly social and historical (something that isn't just ours, that is also unknowable).

McLean's intentional use of pop cultural references directly uncovers this paradox. Thus, we can follow his free-associations even if we don't completely know how or why, perhaps even if we don't want to. Somehow, like an imaginary map of the city to guide our sense of direction, or like the words to a song we don't remember ever hearing, the answers are already in our memory. Our sense of subjectivity is in us in the same way: totally familiar, yet totally enigmatic, too. Plus, having his drawings in public washrooms underscores this problematic: they're liminal spaces designed for intimate conduct in public, in other words, a place to collect one's self. So, next time you're at the **Sugar Refinery**, have a pee and take a look. Who knows what might happen? But remember: wash your hands.

Brandy

the (SUGAR
REFINERY)
is located at
1115 Granville St.
604 331-1184

Sept. Listings

1. Keith Jones art opening
4. The Fall of 1976 Joel
5. Boris Meri Juv
6. John Guliak & The Lougan Bos. with Amy Honey
7. Kai Zen
8. Honey Lime
9. Old Reliable (Ed.)
11. Human Juke Box Romantic Relief Nation
12. A/V Lodge
13. Rabnett 5
14. Precious Fatness Eyelidcrs
15. Tom Holliston + Biz
16. Sandra Semchuk book launch
18. Kiplar with Snailhouse (Hawa)
19. The Neins w/guests
20. The Radio with guests
21. Stefan Smolovitz + co.
22. Human Hi Lite Reel
25. Critter
26. A/V Lodge
27. New Old Jass Band
28. Audubon Birds of America w/Barb Steps
- EVERY TUESDAY
- 15 Paralela improv. nite coped by Skye and Masa
- Oct 5, 12 and 19
- Francis Hoyle's October Crisis
- Oct 23-27
- Vancouver New Music Festival

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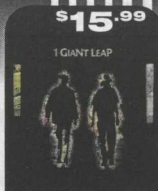


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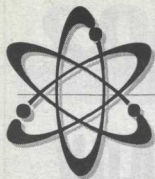


www.emimusic.ca

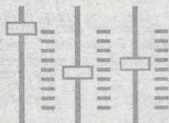
Vancouver: 788 Burrard Street 604.669.2289 VIRGINMEGA.COM

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	Sept. 2nd Kung Fu Recording Artists: Tsunami Bomb All of a Sudden The Company Dime ME
	Sept. 9th The Def Poets Society Robin Dorey The New Rivals
	Sept. 16th Secret Mommy + guests
	Sept. 23rd Kenji + guests
	Sept. 30th With Mr. Lady Recording artists: V for Vendetta And K Records recording artists: Mecca Normal With local guests: i think . . . i can + more



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(INTO THE BLACK)

THE NEEDLE AND
THE DAMAGE DONE

SUGAR MOUNTAIN

LIKE A HURRICANE

CINNAMON GIRL

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OF THE LAST TWENTY YEARS"
-ROLLING STONE

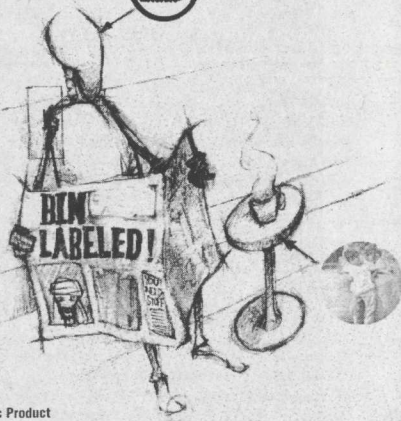
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charts



what's being played at CiTR 101.9fm



September Long Vinyl

1 Operation Makeout	Hangloose	Mint
2 p:ano	When It's Dark...	Hive Fi
3 Notes From...	s/t	Stutter
4 Nasty On	City Sick	Stutter
5 Riff Randells	s/t	Delmonica
6 The Cinch	s/t	Stutter
7 Interpol	Turn On...	Matador
8 Amy Honey	s/t	Indie
9 Mecca Normal	The Family Swan	Kill Rock Stars
10 Hot Snakes	Suicide Invoice	Swami
11 Future Sound...	Isness	Hypnotic
12 Yeah Yeah Yeahs	s/t	Touch and Go
13 Radio	The Disclosure Project	Indie
14 Hot Hot Heat	Make Up...	Sub Pop
15 Fubar	VA	Aquarius
16 Daggers	Right Between The Eyes	Sloth
17 Spoon	Kill The Moonlight	Merge
18 Mount Pleasant	Cocorico	Indie
19 Tomas Jirku	Entropy	Intr-Version
20 Sleater-Kinney	One Beat	Kill Rock Stars
21 Pixies	s/t	Sonic Unyon
22 Cripples	Dirty Head	Dirtnap
23 Oxes	Oxoos	Monitor
24 Mudhoney	Since We've...	Sub Pop
25 Russian Futurists	Let's Get Ready...	Upper Class
26 Laurie Anderson	Live...	Nonesuch
27 Death By Chocolate	Zap The World	Jet Set
28 Future Bible Heros	Eternal Youth	Instinct
29 Comets on Fire	Field Recordings...	Bada Bing
30 Volumizer	Gaga For Gigi	Mint
31 Billy the Kid...	Strong...	Teenage Rampage
32 STREETS	Worms	Teenage Rampage
33 Deadcats	Bad Pussy	Flying Saucer
34 DJ Spooky	Optometry	Thirsty Ear
35 Sonic Youth	Murray Street	DGC

September Short Vinyl

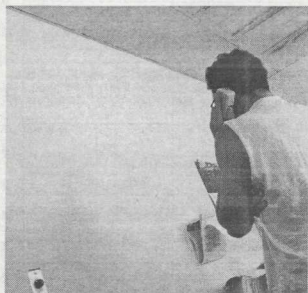
1 Frog Eyes/JWAB	split	Global Symphonic
2 New Town Animals	Fashion Fallout	Dirtnap
3 Mirah	Small Scale	K
4 Get Hustle	Who Do You Love	Gravity
5 The Riffs	Such A Bore	TKO
6 Cato Salsa	Picture Disc	Emperor Norton
7 The Spitfires	Juke Box High	Glazed
8 Scat Rag Boosters	Side Tracked	Zaxxon Virile
9 The Cleats	Save Yourself	Longshot
10 VA	Modern Radio...	Modern Radio
11 Kung Fu Killers	s/t	TKO
12 Bottles & Skulls	I Am One...	TKO
13 Gene Defcon	Baby Halleujah	Modern Radio
14 Stereo/Ultimate	split	Popkid
15 Mea Culpa	Corporate	Nation Empty
16 The Lollies	Channel Heaven	Evil World
17 Destroyer	The Music Lovers	Sub Pop
18 Moonbabies	Standing...	A Bouncing Space
19 The Agenda	Are You Nervous?	Kindercore
20 The Evaporators	Honk The Horn	Nardwuar

September Indie Home Jobs

1 The Red Scare	Will Always Come For You
2 Sharp Teeth	Complications
3 The Department	Be Your Friend
4 The Feminists	Me and My Army
5 End This Week With Knives	Let's End This Here
6 Winks	April Fell
7 Hinterland	Destroy Destroyer
8 Collapsing Opposites	War and/or Peace
9 Byronic Heroes	I'm a Drunk
10 Bend Sinister	Untitled
11 The Perms	So the Stories Go
12 Your Funeral	Wee Hours
13 Chris Lindsay Electronic	Free Trade
14 Jordan Mackenzie	If You Were My Girl...
15 Mikey Manville	Play With Me
16 Barburn	Softserve
17 The Organizers	Grannysmith
18 The Accident	Just Relax
19 Oddnoxious	Heart Races
20 Crop Circle	Mexican Cock Fight

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "September" charts reflect airplay over August). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •



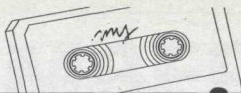
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on the dial

your guide to CiTR 101.9fm



SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC
9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caught-in-her-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA 8:00-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

FILL-IN 10:00PM-12:00AM

TRANCE DANCE 12:00-2:00AM Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ

Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical-crancendance@hotmail.com

BBC WORLD SERVICE 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM

Your favourite brown-skinners, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

Local Mike and Local Dove bring you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

FILL-IN 3:00-4:00PM

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00-5:00PM

A chance for new CiTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the TBirds.

CRASH THE POSE alt. 6:00-7:00PM

Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-6:30PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

MY ASS alt. 6:30-7:30PM

Phelps, Albini, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-9:00PM

Celebrate the triumphant return of DJ Vyb. Listen to DJ Vyb and Selecta Belle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Waller. Features at 11.

Sept. 9: Back to school with an annual favourite—Julian "Cannonball" Adderley narrating An Introduction

to Jazz. Entertaining and educational.

Sept. 16: More of the same (see above), but this time with Leonard Bernstein playing and narrating What is Jazz?

Sept. 23: In celebration of John Coltrane's Birthday, a whole program devoted to the most influential tenor saxophonist in jazz featuring his most famous recording A Love Supreme.

Sept. 30: Trumpeter Art Farmer and his quintet featuring the alto saxophone and compositions of one of jazz's mystery figures, Gigi Gryce. "Philly Joe" Jones also shows us why he was the best modern jazz drummer.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM

Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ!

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and 'The Lovely Andrea' Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES 8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deader than the most dangerous criminal!

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtop to, hosted by Coreen.

FILL-IN 11:30AM-1:00PM

BEATUP RONIN 1:00-2:00PM

Where does samurai can program music.

CPR 2:00-3:30PM

Buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump...

LA BOMBA 3:30-4:30PM

(First three Tuesdays of every month.)

ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30PM

Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6 ^{AM}								6 ^{AM}
7	REGGAE LINKUP	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE				8
9			HIGHBRED VOICES	FOOL'S PARADISE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED		9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	THIRD TIMES THE CHARM		PLANET LOVETRON	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	10
11				FILL-IN				11
12 ^{PM}		GIRLFOOD LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD	BLUE MONDAY FILL-IN	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH		GENERATION ANNIHILATION	12 ^{PM}
1	ROCKERS SHOW	PARTS UNKNOWN	BEATUP RONIN	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	POWERCHORD	1
2				RADIO FREE PRESS	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW		2
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	FILL-IN	CPR	MOTORDADDY	RHYMES & REASONS	NARDWUJAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	3
4		ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS	ELECTRIC AVENUES (Ec) LA BOMBA (Vw)					4
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING SAINT TROPEZ	WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sp)	10,000 VOICES (Tk)	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HIP (Tk) PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY (R)	NECESSARY VOICES (Tk)	ELECTROLUX HOUR	5
6	QUEER FM	CRASH THE POSE REEL TO REEL (Tk) MY ASS (Ec)	FLEX YOUR HEAD	FILL-IN	OUT FOR KICKS	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS AFRICAN RYTHMS	SOUL TREE	6
7				AND SOMETIMES WHY	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR			7
8	RHYTHMSINDIA	WIGFLUX RADIO	SALARIO MINIMO	REPLICA REJECT	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOME BASS	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	8
9								9
10	FILL-IN	THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP SOUL SONIC WANDERLUST	FOLK OASIS	WORLD HEAT	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD	FILL-IN	10
11				STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR		MORNING AFTER SHOW	THE RED EYE EARWAX	11
12 ^{AM}				HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS			12 ^{AM}
1	BBC WORLD SERVICE	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	AURAL TENTACLES	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM		THE VAMPIRE'S BALL	REGGAE LINKUP	1
2								2
3	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES						3
4								4
5								5
6								6

Cf=conscious and funky • Ch=children's • Dc=dance/electronic • Ec=eclectic • Gi=goth/industrial • Hc=hardcore • Hh=hip hop
Hk=Hans Kloss • Ki=Kids • Jz=jazz • Lm=live music • Lo=lounge • Mt=metal • No=noise • Nw=Nardwuar • Po=pop • Pu=punk
Rg=reggae • Rr=rock • Rts=roots • Sk=ska • So=soul • Sp=sports • Tk=talk • Wv=world

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM

10:00M VOICES 5:00-6:00PM
Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLY YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM

Up the punx, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, yo.

<http://flexyourhead.vancouver-hardcore.com/>

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-10:00PM

VENUS FLITRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

<loveden@hotmail.com>

SOULSONIC WANDERLUST

alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

Electro-acoustic-trip-dub-ethno-groove-ambient-soul-jazz-fusion

and beyond! From the bedroom to Bombay via Brooklyn and back. The sounds of reality

remixed. Smile. <sswanderlust@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM

Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irate hosts Jack, Vance and Nick.

The Greek, R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem!

<suburbanjungle@channel88.com>

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM

Japanese music and talk.

FILL-IN 10:00AM-11:30PM

ANOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction.

Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM

"Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too. www.nec-assarvoices.org

Sept. 4: Roswell, The Unsolved Mystery. Hoax, truth, or coverup?

Sept. 11: The Petrified Forest. A park tour and rebroadcast of the radio version of the movie with Humphrey Bogart.

Sept. 18: Carlsbad Caverns. White Sands cancer research.

Sept. 25: The Great Sand Dunes and Dark Skies Society.

FILL-IN 6:30-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM

Indie, new wave, punk, and other noise.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country and more. Not a mirage!

<folksoasis@canada.com>

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM

Let DJs Jindava and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungral "Chokkh de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

12:00-3:00AM FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder, Robert Robot drags electro pop and present, hip hop, and intergalactic funkmanish.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM

Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Harsh and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hard-core).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM

Comix comix comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM

Viva la Velourious! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! www.sustainability.com/dinos/radio

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM

No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid to you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM

The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-named Garry Olsen. <ripthug55@hotmail.com>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM

Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11. <http://www.stepsandahall.com/tbirdhell>

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-1:00AM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things, and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Daryl-ani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM

Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked space stuff. Resident haitech with guest DJs and performers. <http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of red rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-TVS SCENE-IT DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to <cdjika@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM

Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack and Promo mix the underground hip

hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM

The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 2:00-4:00AM

SATURDAY

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL 4:00-8:00AM

Dark, sinister music of all genres to soothe the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

9-9AM. African/World roots.

9AM-12PM. Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNILHILATION 12:00-1:00PM

Tune in for a full hour of old and new punk and Oi mayhem!

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-6:00PM

SOUL TREE 6:00-9:00PM From doowop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 9:00-11:00PM

FILL-IN 1:00PM-1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

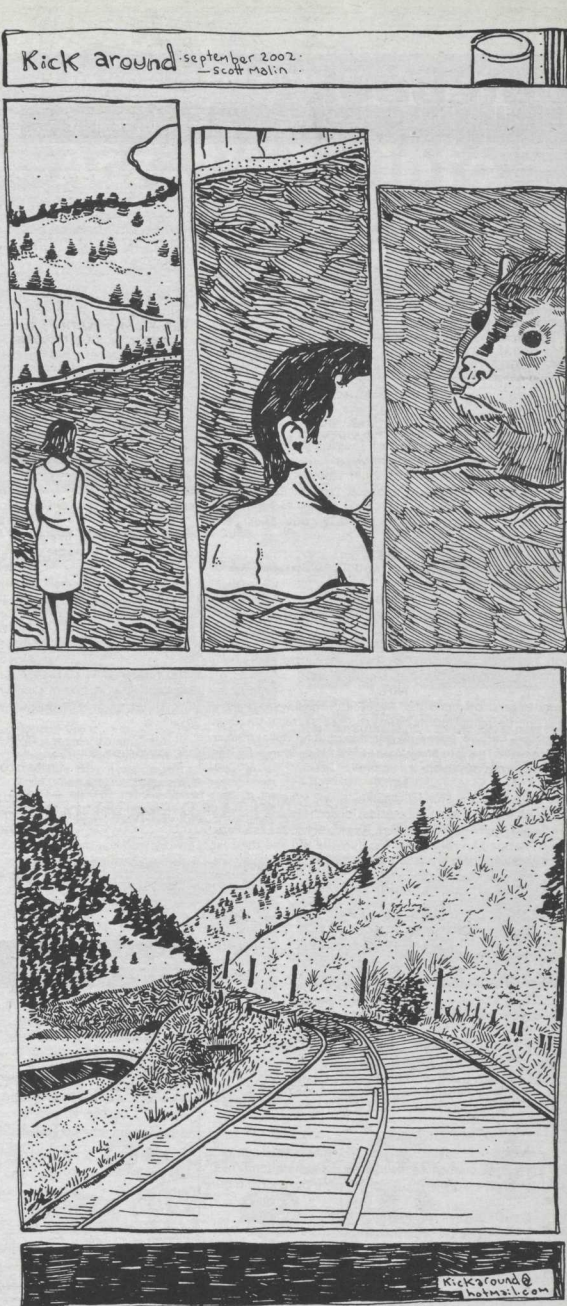
EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM

"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beat/drop dem headz rock inna junglist moshup/distort da source fall force with needle on way/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.

-Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM

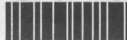
Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B. *



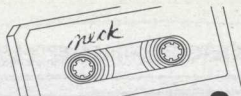
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datebook



what's happening in August



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SEPTEMBER 30. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT
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FRI AUGUST 30

Wyclef Jean, The Gossip, 764-HERO, Kristin Hersh and more@Burnershoot (Seattle); Royals@M's; MLB Strike Deadline

SAT 31

Sonic Youth, Quix*o*tic@The Vogue; Johnny Lang, Ani DiFranco, Lou Reed, Roy Rogers and the Delta Rhythm Kings, Blackalicious, Concrete Blonde, The Catheters, Alien Crime Syndicate and more@Burnershoot (Seattle); Wilco@Commodore; Veal@The Pic; Mark Kleiner Power Trio, The Smugglers, Operation Makeout@The Purple Onion, Jewel@Queen Elizabeth Theatre; Royals@M's

SUN SEPTEMBER 1

Modest Mouse, Sonic Youth, Everclear, Buddy and Julie Miller, Kelly Willis, Clarence Acox Sextet, The Shins, Damien Jurado, Wesley Holmes, Linton Kwesi Johnson, John Wesley Harding and more@Burnershoot (Seattle); Wilco@Commodore; Royals@M's; The End, Ken Hope, Goat's Blood@Pic Pub

MON 2

Wilco, The Minus Five, Jerry Cantrell, The Mekons, Maceo Parker, Blonde Redhead, Jesse Sykes and the Sweet Hereafter, Marc Ribot Trio and more@Burnershoot (Seattle); Linton Kwesi Johnson, Dennis Bovell Dub Band@Commodore; Tsunami Bomb@Mesa Luna; Beachwood Sparks, Jenny Toomey, Ashley Park@Pic Pub; Twins@M's; Tim, Darryles Grocery Bag, One Shot Left, Complete@Brickyard

TUE 3

Luna@Richard's; Mermaid Engine, INSPIID, Rakshasa@Brickyard; Mark Kleiner's Power Trio@Pic Pub

WED 4

Shifaced@Cobalt; Twins@M's; The Smears, Siobhan Duvall, The Engaged@Brickyard

THUR 5

Girth, The Rycatchers, Six Block Radius@Brickyard; Notes from the Underground@Pic Pub;

FRI 6

Kenny Rogers, Diamond Rio, Rebecca Lynn Howard@Pacific Coliseum; Default@UBC; M's@Royals; Red Scare, A Virgin in Hollywood, Cartoon Lobotomy@Brickyard; John Guliak@Sugar Refinery; I Am Trying to Break Your Heart@Ridge; Brundifley, The Way Out, Spylglass@Pic Pub

SAT 7

Joan Baez, Richard Shindell@Malkin Bowl; M's@Royals; Art Damaged Cabaret #7: Latex Bride, Scott Howard and the Attenbriht Four, ARC, David Yonge, Ricardo Shiva, Zsa Zsa, Paige Turner, Satina Saturnina@Ms. T's; Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys@Brickyard; I Am Trying to Break Your Heart@Ridge; A Luna Red, The Organ, My Project Blue@Pic Pub

SUN 8

Rush@GM Place; M's@Royals; I Am Trying to Break Your Heart@Ridge

MON 9

M's@Rangers; Start smoking ham, salmon, turkey and gouda

TUE 10

Wire@Showbox (Seattle); M's@Rangers

WED 11

M's@Rangers; Start smoking cloves and banana peels

THUR 12

Flogging Molly@Crocodyle (Seattle); M's@Rangers; The International Playboys, Quincy Gold@Pic Pub

FRI 13

Slayer, Soufly, Down the Sun, In Flames@Pacific Coliseum; Engelbert Humperdinck@Orpheum; M's@A's; Open Circuits@Or Gallery

SAT 14

STREETS, Three Inches of Blood, Black Rice@Cobalt; Karl Denson's Tiny Universe@Commodore; Balligomingo@Richard's; Interpol, Radio Berlin, The Organ@The Royal; M's@A's; Open Circuits@Or Gallery

SUN 15

Soledad Brothers@The Pic; Gus Gus@Sonar; M's@A's; Open Circuits@Or Gallery; Soledad Brothers@The Pic Pub

MON 16

Supertramp@Pacific Coliseum; Rangers@M's; Jerk with a Bomb, Kepler, Snailhouse@Pic Pub;

TUE 17

Rangers@M's; Start smoking light cigarettes

WED 18

Rangers@M's; Blurtonia, Assertion@Pic Pub

THUR 19

Sector Seven@Cobalt; Reel Big Fish, The Starting Line@Croatian Cultural Centre; Tragically Hip, Sam Roberts@Queen Elizabeth Theatre; Great Big Sea@The Orpheum; Rangers@M's

FRI 20

Tragically Hip, Sam Roberts@Queen Elizabeth Theatre; Great Big Sea@The Orpheum; Sector Seven@The Brickyard; David Gogo@The Yale; Angels@M's; Stinkitt@Pic Pub

SAT 21

Zubot and Dawson@Van East Cultural Centre; Mark Eitzel@EMP (Seattle); Angels@M's; Start smoking American cigarettes

SUN 22

Sum 41@Commodore; Angels@M's; Vancouver Record Collectors' Association record sale@Croatian Cultural Centre; The Volumen@Pic Pub

MON 23

Elvis Costello, Phantom Planet@Paramount (Seattle); Not By Choice, Glasshead@Pic Pub; Start smoking crack

TUE 24

Toshi Reagon@Vancouver East Cultural Centre; A's@M's

WED 25

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, The Liars, The Yeah Yeah Yeahs@Commodore; A's@M's; Freeman@Pic Pub;

THUR 26

Kreator, December, Cephalic Carnage@Studebakers; A's@M's

FRI 27

Buddy Guy, Shemekia Copeland@Commodore; M's@Angels

SAT 28

Sleater-Kinney, Shannon Wright@Showbox (Seattle); M's@Angels

SUN 29

Mecca Normal@CBC Plaza; Bop Kings@Marine Club; The Frames, Young and Sexy@Richard's; Copywrite, Cage, DJ Faks One, Mr. Lif, E.L.P., RJD2@Sonar; M's@Angels; New Bomb Turks, Spitfires@The Royal

MON 30

Quit, you asshole, quit

TUES OCTOBER 1

Cinerama@Crocodyle (Seattle)

WED 2

Bob Geldof@Commodore; Omar and the Howlers@Yale

THUR 3

Drive By Truckers, The North Mississippi Allstars@Richard's; Nelson Henricks, Satellite@Sugar Refinery

FRI 4

Detroit Cobras, KO and the Knockouts, The Dirtbombs@Crocodyle (Seattle); Les Tabernacles@Pic Pub

special events

WIRE

SHOWBOX

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

The mighty Pink Flag will be flying in Seattle. Go catch it, you fairy, and dance like a little girl.

OPEN CIRCUITS

Third annual open circuits festival is happening September 13-15 at the Or Gallery. Five acts of experimental electronic music a night. Latops a-plenty. But remember to take your dancing shoes off. Sometimes it's good to listen. Loscil, +outhern acific-, DJ Aural, Pellucid, Agriculture, and more. Five bucks. 9:30. Bring two friends.

THE ROLLING STONES

MS. T'S CABARET

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

Just kidding.

VRCA RECORD FAIR

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER, 22

CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

Please take a shower and wear deodorant. It's going to be packed.

MECCA NORMAL

WORD ON THE STREET

CBC PLAZA

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 3:00PM

Once you stop blazin'j's and believing that Queens of the Stone Age is a good band, you'll come to realize that Mecca Normal is amazing.

places to be

bassix records	217 w. hasting	604.689.734	railway club	579 dunsuir	604.681.1625
beatstreet records	3-712 robson	604.683.344	richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828	red cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
blinding light! cinema	36 powell	604.878.3366	ridge cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959	royal	1029 granville	
club 23	23 west cordova		scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
cobalt	917 main	604.685.2825	scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550	sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
crowtown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774	sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766	teenage ramapage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964	vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsuir	604.665.3050
lotus hotel	455 abbott		video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555	western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
mesa luna	1926 w. broadway		wett bar	1320 richards	604.662.7707
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender		WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
orpheum theatre	smithie at seymour	604.665.3050	yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
pacific cinémathèque	131 howe	604.688.8202	zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232
pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556			

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Chow Yun-Fat Boy Meets Brownie Girl
(South Korea, 93min.)

Nam Ki-Woong, director of last year's *Teenage Hooker...*, starts to look like Korea's answer to Guy Maddin with this follow-up, a shall-we-say *idiosyncratic* adaptation of the traditional folk story of a pond snail transformed into a beautiful young girl. With Yun Jin's short *Pink Movie* (South Korea, 16 mins), on the solipsistic life of an "event girl."

Scumrock
(USA, 79 min.)

Miles and Roxxy are both in their late 20s, and worried they're getting too old: he's making a pretentious film featuring pussy willows, she's trying to get her punk band off the ground. In Jon Moritsugu's radical yet heartfelt lo-fi ode to the difficulty of making art today, melodrama, humorous debasement and rock n' roll commingle with terrific results.



Shanghai Panic (China, 87 min.)

Actually, several kinds of panic: AIDS panic (Bei thinks he's HIV+), dope panic (Kika, Fil and Casper live for their next hit of "E"), sexual orientation panic (Bei says he isn't gay but *really* wants to have sex with the reluctant Jie). Andrew Cheng's amazing DV feature might just mark the start of a new chapter in Chinese cinema. *Dragons & Tigers* Award nominee.



Demolover (France, 129 min.)

Olivier Assayas (*Irma Vep*), known for more intimate, sombre fare, throws us a marvelously subversive change-up with this Cronenberg-influenced high-tech puzzler, which starts as a moody corporate thriller but then warps into the uncharted realms of a Manga-esque cyberhell. With Connie Nielsen and Chloe Sevigny.



Suicide Club
(Japan, 99 min.)

Three careworn cops investigate a wave of mass and individual suicides spreading across Japan, which are coming ever closer to home. Ex avant-gardist Sono Shion reinvents himself with a wild black comedy full of blood and mystery and with a dash of glam rock. Stars Ishibashi Ryo, Nagase Masatoshi.



Morvern Callar
(Great Britain, 97 min.)

Adapted from Alan Warner's novel, Lynne Ramsay's sophomore triumph explodes with a personal, poetic vision. When a young Scottish supermarket worker finds her would-be author boyfriend dead on the kitchen floor, she experiences an intense dissociative reaction, plunging herself into rave culture and empty escapism.



Gaza Strip (USA/Palestine, 74 min.)

Gaza Strip, a feature-length video by American filmmaker James Longley, is a documentary to make the stones weep—as shameful as it is scary... even more painful in the knowledge that current conditions are worse... To watch [it] is to watch a ticking time bomb.—J. Hoberman, *Village Voice*.



The Trials of Henry Kissinger
(USA/Great Britain/Chile, 80 min.)

Is Henry Kissinger, America's revered elder statesman and Nobel Peace Prize winner, a war criminal? That's the question posed by this startling documentary, which bases its accusations on Christopher Hitchens' controversial book and *Harper's* articles. A chilling and timely history lesson in realpolitik.



Gambling, Gods and LSD
(Canada/Switzerland, 180 min.)

Blending documentary observation with lyrical cinematography and expressive sound design, Peter Mettler's (*Picture of Light*, VIFF 94) latest is a meditative, epic inquiry into the human pursuit of transcendence around the world, from evangelism to gambling, sexual technology to narcotics, and beyond.



Dracula: Pages from a Virgin's Diary
(Canada, 75 min.)

Guy Maddin's *Twilight of the Ice Nymphs*, VIFF 97) extravagant, gorgeous retelling of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* is an unforgettable visual knockout. With striking black and white cinematography and a richly evocative score, this silent masterpiece is performed by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. A Special Presentation on the big screen at the Vogue.



Biggie and Tupac (Great Britain, 107 min.)

With his trademark mix of performance art, stalking and investigative journalism, Nick Broomfield timidly dips his Nagra into the mire of intercoastal hip-hop rivalries, organized crime and police corruption. Broomfield's muckraking expose into the still unsolved murders of superstars Tupac Shakur and Biggie Smalls is both riveting and incisive filmmaking.

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SAME PLANET DIFFERENT WORLDS

GET YOUR HAIR OUT!

NEW CURLS FOR OLD SEPTEMBER

NEKO CASE Blacklisted CD

We don't have to tell you NEKO's good, but you should be informed that this is her best effort yet. No kidding. As haunting an old country statement as *Furnace Room Lullaby* but with additional instrumental richness — and gosh darn it — even better songs. If that ain't enough to persuade you that you must own this CD, we'd like to mention that it features guest appearances by members of *The Sadies*, *Calexico*, *Giant Sand* and *Shadow Men* on a *Shadow Planet*. And Mary Margaret O'Hara. It's awesome.

CD 14.98



GRANDDADDY Concrete Dunes CD

The events leading to GRANDDADDY's recent indie-rock superstardom have been accelerated, a journey dramatically less and punctuated by a few twisted plot developments. All yes, it has been fun to watch these bearded heroes stumble "Goonie" style into the halls of ragged glory, once governed by *Pavement*, *The Flaming Lips* and even that "bowl-smoking" chief, *Beck*! So now, like all good scriptwriters, GRANDDADDY bide some time before the big time, and offer up a glimpse of their back-story — a collection of early materials, demos, and rarities.

CD 16.98



NIGHTMARES ON WAX Mind Elevation CD/LP

George Evelyn, a.k.a. NIGHTMARES ON WAX, has endured the course of electronic dance music for the past 10 years! A skilled DJ and producer, Evelyn is never static. He already has some stellar sonic moments to his credit: his hip-hop influenced *DJ Kicks* session for K7; the dub-wise bowl-packer, *Smoker's Delights*; and the smooth downtempo classic, *Carboot Soul*. So, if stoned rhythms combined with some nice fluid jams is your elixir for a banger! week-end, get your *Mind Elevation* here at Zulu! Somebody pass the bong. AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 7

CD 16.98 LP 22.98



SLEATER-KINNEY One Beat CD/LP

SLEATER-KINNEY sound like they've rediscovered their American-ness. A smart move in a time like now. Present crazy business aside, they've got stuff in their collective history and general attitude to draw on that is rich and unique. Indeed, where would pop music be but for the old U.S. of A? Certainly not in Canada, eh. And leave England out, except for the occasional big flash. Maybe in Sweden? Okay, so we're pulling your leg a bit. But the sincere point is that there's a lingering, rootsy American flavour to *One Beat*, and we sure like it very much. Other places will call this record "mature." We'll simply call it "Full On."

CD 16.98 LP 14.98



QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE Songs For The Deaf CD

Disquade. The uber-men of stoner rock return — put up your Bies! Hell, wasn't the term more-or-less birthed with this awesome Rosemary's Baby — a gruesome, many-headed beast with raging guitars for arms and legs made of heavy, heavy drums and bass, and oh the volume, the badass, ear-bending volume. Able to blow an uppy, dripping hole in your head large enough for a Marshall stack or three? And get this, there's, like, freakin' superstars on the album. Yup. For example, that big listed skin basher, *Dave Grohl*, is doing his duty. And you know why, 'cause the *Queens Kick Foo Fighters* overfed and over-lyed L.A. ASSES all over the dried-up wasteland of FM radio, and *Grohl* freakin' knows it, baby. Back to his roots — back to BIG rock mountain size with some left over for breakfast — for a change. "Nuff said.

LIMITED 2 CD EDITION WHILE THEY LAST.

CD 16.98



SOVIET We Are Eyes, We Are Builders CD

NYC is a concept more than just a place. For some time it seemed to stand in for Modernism, even disputed, such as it is, hardly swiping continental Europe's claim to progress and the new. Well, grand that number two, a hundred or so years later! Anyway, pointless to list the NYC "shooting stars" — I think we all know what's going on. However, here's another one to leave next to your *Strokes*, *Interpol*, *ARE Weapons*, and *Fischerspooner*. SOVIET sound like you want them to: part '80s electro-pop, part 21st Century electro-pop. Kinda like a refurbished *New Order*, never mind that *New Order* are still kicking it. Perhaps a little *Depeche Mode* or *OMD*, too. Or even a little *Howard Jones* or *Thomas Dolby* — hey, someone had to do it. But the truth is the songs are damn catchy, sorta early *Magnetic Fields* catchy. New Young Romantics, give this import a stamp.

CD 16.98



WARLOCKS Phoenix CDEP

Three recordings into their career L.A.'s WARLOCKS provide us with this, a treasure of things to come. It starts off with "Baby Blue", certainly their most infectious song to date, and follows it up with 70 minutes of sheer stumbling grace and spaced-out guitar glory. Cut quickly through the smoke, embrace the din, and head toward the seasawing guitar buzz. Let it all come down... you can pick up this perfect prescription on the other side.

CDEP 12.98

BOOM BIP Seed to Sun CD/LP

Best known for *Circle*, his genuinely awe-inspiring collaboration with *Dose One*, BOOM BIP might just be capable of making abstract hip-hop's appeal clear to an audience that lives above the ground. No wonder *Seed to Sun* is the most anticipated instrumental hip-hop debut since *DJ Shadow's* epochal *Endtroducing*. Yeah, it's there's one thing we know our customers love, it's a big fat, relaxing breakfast. Dude, we got a whole bag of 'em for you, right here.

AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 7

CD 16.98 LP 22.98



FUTURE BIBLE HEROES Eternal Youth CD

From the magnificent sonic stalk of *The Magnetic Fields* grows numerous boughs, each carefully attended to and diligently nurtured by the enigmatic songsmith, *Stephen Merritt*. This, the second offering on the *Future Bible Heroes* branch, is a collection of 16 songs written expressly for the voice of fellow *Magnetic Field*, *Claudia Gensou*. Trademark synths are still prominent in these infectious compositions, but *Merritt* also wades into the groves of today's electronic and electro-acoustic avant-garde to develop a more experimental extremity to further twist his unique pop vision. Support with confidence!

AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 3

CD 16.98



FRANK BLACK Black Letter Days CD Devil's Workshop CD

With two new records, old *Frank's* coming on like *Tom Waits*. (And indeed, *Frank* even covers *Tom's Black Rider* on *Black Letter Days*), another brassy icon of America's great pop music underground, long since sprouting into the sunny light above the dark indie land. And so, here he is, releasing two heavy-hitters at once. Like four diaries, these were supposedly recorded "on the road," the source of so much rock Mojo. This means they're a little looser, sure, but also maybe more edgy, which is *Frank's* raison d'être, after all. With two to choose from, whatever will his many fans do? Why, enjoy. Yes, that's right, simply enjoy.

CD 16.98 each



INTERPOL Turn On The Bright Lights CD/LP

Madlor Records' latest intriguing, INTERPOL is from NYC, and they've just released their debut full length, garnishing rare reviews and smart comparisons to post-punk pioneers, *Joy Division*, *Wire*, and *The Chameleons*. Furthermore, INTERPOL are well-dressed, mid minimalist and, like fellow hooding stars, *The Walkmen*, seem intent on pushing the East Coast rock scene further into the flashing, buzzing limelight. Note: please do not mistake the group for the International Police, who would be after you if you had, by chance, recently stolen any of the world's currently missing famous paintings, such as *The Adoration of The Magi*, *Virgin of the Sorrows*, and *Bega's De Striptuiziekanten*, amongst others. Now, if you did steal these — GIVE THEM BACK!! And then pick up this new masterpiece, *Turn On The Bright Lights!*

CD 16.98 LP 16.98



MUSIC IN THE AFTERNOON: Free Performances at Zulu!

Holy shit! An in-store with "Canada's Sweetheart," *VEDA HILLE* — solo style! SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, AT 4:00 PM. Standing room only, boys and girls.

Vancouver's laptop destroyers, *QUADRA*, bring the late-night beats, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, AT 4:00 PM. Late-night beats in the afternoon? Why yes. Shrouded in mystery, it's always twilight for the boys of *Quadra*.



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